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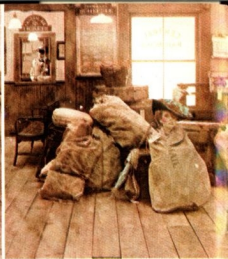
FEBRUARY 3, 1975

TIME

Premier
Chou En-lai

CHINA

LOOKING BEYOND MAO



*Nobody remembers the first time Brenda Henry had the audacity to sneak a cigarette in the baggage room of the Fullersburg train station.
But everybody remembers the last time.*



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MOIST TOWELETTE POPS UP

**WET ONES—
the final step
to personal
cleanliness**

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROWAN



BERNSTEIN



MEDINA



AIKMAN



WONG

This week's cover story on China's durable Premier Chou En-lai and the course he is charting for his nation challenged the China watching expertise of TIME staffers in Hong Kong, New York and Washington. The story was written by Richard Bernstein, who studied Chinese culture and language at Harvard and on Taiwan, and spent five weeks touring the mainland in 1972. Bernstein was a guest in peasants' homes on a North China commune and slept in a coed factory dorm in Shenyang. Though he found the political control "sobering," he was impressed by the people's "hopefulness, dedication and lack of cynicism." For this assignment, he was assisted by Reporter-Researcher Sara Medina, who has been working on China stories for TIME since before the Cultural Revolution in 1966. From Washington, Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, who accompanied Henry Kissinger on several Peking visits, reported the assessments of State Department China experts. Says Senior Editor Ron Kriss, who supervised the cover project, "The People's Congress marks a new stability in Chinese politics—at least for now—and the decisions ratified there will affect China for the rest of the century."

The main files came from TIME's Hong Kong bureau. In spite of the thaw in U.S.-China relations and the bureau's proximity to the mainland, a mere 18 miles as the *wu-ya* (crow) flies, our correspondents in the crown colony must piece together news from travelers, diplomats, refugees, provincial Chinese newspapers and radio broadcasts. Their task is made easier because all three have had first-hand experience on the mainland. Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, who chatted with Chou En-lai in Peking in 1973, began on-the-scene reporting of the Chinese civil war for LIFE in 1947. Rowan covered the conflict from the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek's armies in Manchuria to the fall of Canton in 1949. Correspondent Bing W. Wong grew up on a small island off the coast of China's Fukien province, attended Amoy University and in 1950, as Communist control spread, left for Hong Kong, where he became one of the colony's most respected China analysts. When Radio Peking flashed an announcement of the completed People's Congress, both English and Chinese TV camera crews went to Wong's apartment to get his assessment. David Aikman, a Ph.D. candidate in Chinese and Russian history at the University of Washington in Seattle before joining TIME in 1971, has made two trips to the mainland. In a skillful display of Pekingology, Aikman deduced that major events were taking place in the Great Hall of the People from two obscure but telling bits of news: provincial leaders had left their home towns and in Peking, hotel bookings were up.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Covers: Portrait by Jim Sharpe.

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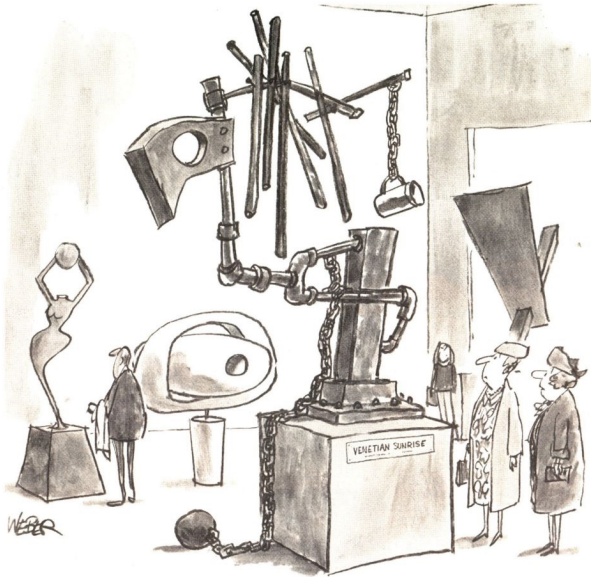
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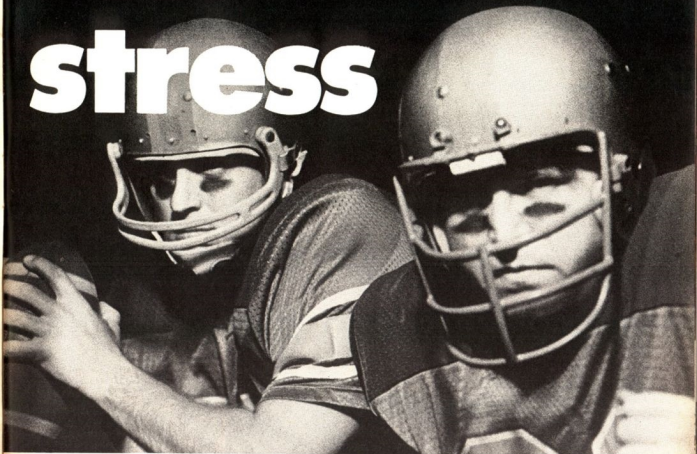
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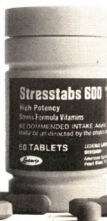
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Uneasy Rider

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE
Screenplay by ROBERT GETCHELL

The place where Alice doesn't live any more is a cramped tract house in Socorro, N. Mex. The reason she doesn't live there any more is that her dense, repressive husband providentially dies in a truck accident soon after the movie begins. Now she is free to pursue her laughable but somehow touching dream of becoming a popular singer.

The dream was born in the clasp-trap romantic movies of the 1940s. Anachronistic Alice (Ellen Burstyn), who is bright enough in other ways, dimly believes that time has stood implau-

ity in the conventional manner of movie heroines with more determination than sense. She simply, clumsily wants to improve reality a little. Needless to say, what she finds on the road to Monterey is mostly no improvement on what she had in Socorro. The first man she meets turns out to be cheating on his wife and maniacally possessive about Alice. The steadiest job she can find is in an uproariously mismanaged hash house.

There are times when the movie teeters on the edge of commercial cuteness. The relationship between Alice and son verges sometimes on the *Paper Moon*-ish; the romance that develops between her and a terribly nice, understanding rancher (Kris Kristofferson) is too perfect a solution to her problems. But writer Getchell's plot line has plenty of un-

the tension. It is a wonderfully volatile, endlessly surprising piece of work, not as crazy as Gena Rowlands' in John Cassavetes' *A Woman Under the Influence* but like it in value. In a period when there are not supposed to be any good feminine roles, Rowlands and now Burstyn have given us arresting and unforgettable portraits of how the world impinges on a woman and what is involved in the struggle not to be worn down to a nub.

■ Richard Schickel

And So to Bed

LOVE AT THE TOP
Directed by MICHEL DEVILLE
Screenplay by CHRISTOPHER FRANK

Nicholas is a minor functionary in a big business and, like many another minor functionary, is torn between towering ambition and cowering timidity. How can a man be a Mitty and an *Übermensch* simultaneously? Nicholas (Jean-Louis Trintignant) cannot even get the right sandwich for lunch. He meekly accepts what the harried counterwoman passes over to him and spends the rest of the noon hour in a park, where an attendant tries to charge him for a bench he is not sitting on. When he spots an interesting female, his approach is promising, probably because it has been well rehearsed. "You're looking," he tells a statuesque model of a girl (Jane Birkin), "for someone who doesn't exist." She responds, not seeming to mind as his inspiration falters and he becomes flustered. She is used to worse, Nicholas shortly and angrily discovers, because she is a whore.

Life would be only a series of such sorry revelations for Nicholas without the support of his friend Fabre (Jean-Pierre Cassel), a creator of unsuccessful fictions. Like most failed novelists, Fabre is bitter. He sits in a café all day, his crippled foot hidden under the table, nursing along a grenadine and milk ("with a drop of cassis") and trying to live vicariously through Nicholas. Indeed, he transforms Nicholas into the protagonist of a novel that is lived, not written. He tells him what to do, where to go, how to talk, whom to pursue, when to woo. Soon after quitting his humble job to follow Fabre's precepts, Nicholas becomes wildly, improbably successful. He also becomes a vicious, amoral predator, the corroded vessel of all Fabre's frustration and hate.

Nicholas is the definitive anti-hero; he is also the definitive cliché. No wonder Fabre's life is a rubble of rejection slips. Unfortunately, the people who made *Love at the Top* have not demonstrated the same critical wisdom as Fabre's prospective publishers. They are swept away by the power of such insights as material success corrupts; bed-



ALFRED LUTTER & ELLEN BURSTYN IN AFFECTIONATE COMBAT IN *ALICE*
Refugees from the tract house taking a long shot at success.

sibly still in Monterey, where she grew up. To her, it is the logical place to resume a career that apparently consisted of a single gig at the local hotel.

Escape from a deadening marriage, however, solves only one of the problems inherent in realizing her long-deferred ambition. For one thing, she does not have enough money to make it to northern California without parking her station wagon here and there to take odd jobs. For another, she has an eleven-year-old son (Alfred Lutter) who is smart-mouthed beyond his years and slightly unbalanced by her alternation between backchat and smothering in the attempt to show love for him. Moreover, Alice, who admits to 35 and cannot hide an overripe figure, does not have much left of a voice that probably was not much to begin with. She is, in short, a long shot for success.

But she is not out of touch with real-

marked curves in it, and it twists past a curiously mixed group of characters who hitch briefly onto Alice's odyssey. Director Scorsese, having proved adept with the claustrophobia of a big-city ghetto in *Mean Streets*, demonstrates an ability to discover a similar but more comic oppressiveness behind the façades of the wide-open streets of the Southwest. He leaves plenty of room for quirky tangents to develop as the film proceeds on its wayward course.

But it is Ellen Burstyn in the title role who silences any reservations about the movie. There is an edge of anger underlying her performance, anger stemming not from some feminist manifesto, but from the waste of years and the intractability of the world she is finally free to confront. The sudden exposure of old, hidden hunger, her eagerness for new experience make her vulnerable in ways that keep startling her, turning up



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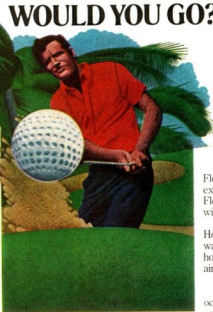
Number One to the Sun.

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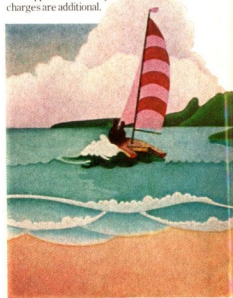
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EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

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fellows make strange politics; and cash calms many qualms. Director Michel Deville (*Benjamin*) preaches his simplistic, satiric sermon with the help of a number of attractive women (Romy Schneider, Florinda Bolkan, Miss Birkkin), who lend the movie a certain substance by getting undressed as often as possible. ■ Jay Cocks

Slings and Arrows

BROKEN TREATY AT BATTLE MOUNTAIN
Directed by JOELL FREEDMAN

This reasonably heartfelt political documentary concerns the Battle Mountain Indian colony, part of the Western Shoshone Tribe in Nevada, and its resistance to being abused and cheated by the U.S. Government. The Indians say that they have ownership rights to over 24 million acres of land in Nevada, according to a treaty signed in 1863. The U.S. says they do not, but has offered to make some sort of settlement for the land anyhow. If the Indians cool down and keep quiet, the Government will pay them a little over a dollar for each acre—exactly what the land was worth a century ago. Since the going price is now several thousand dollars an acre, the Battle Mountain Indians have the rather familiar feeling of being shafted.

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain is manifestly sympathetic to the Indians who call themselves traditionalists and refer to other, "sellout" Indians as "Apples"—that is, red on the outside, all white just below the skin. The movie has something urgent to say, but its theme and the situation it portrays are so tragically familiar that much of their impact is vitiated. Despite Robert Redford's narration, *Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain* is also a shambles, manufactured with the kind of earnest clumsiness that gives documentaries a bad name.

The film inadvertently reinforces a sense of resignation, even of hopelessness. The Battle Mountain Indians are right to fight. But when someone from Washington heatedly informs them that "the Federal Government has the right to take land from whoever it wants to," it seems clear that the Indians are not only up against injustice, but officially sanctioned piracy as well. ■ J.C.

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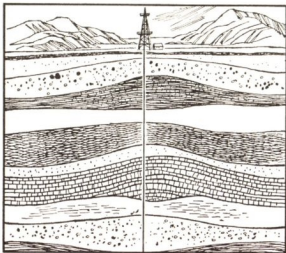
Jobs depend on natural gas.

Millions of workers are employed in businesses that depend on natural gas to keep running. Each of these industries supplies others—maybe yours. Gas provides about a third of America's energy requirements. It's efficient energy, too. So efficient that when you heat and cook with it, instead of another energy source, you're actually using less of our country's total energy supply.

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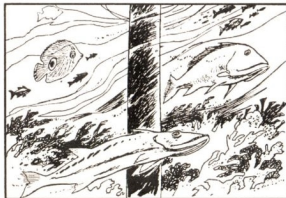


New technologies let us drill deeper into the earth than ever before. Right now there's a well in Texas that went five miles down before the drillers struck gas.

The gas people are exploring far and wide. You've probably heard about the new gas discoveries on the Alaskan slopes. We're working to bring this gas to the lower forty-eight states.

The gas industry is drilling for new supplies as far as a hundred miles out at sea. Right now we're drilling in the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The United States Geological Survey reports that there are large potential reserves of gas under the Atlantic shelf as well.

The gas industry is importing Liquefied Natural Gas from overseas in specially built ships. They contain tanks made to hold the



gas at 260° below zero. This reduces it to one six-hundredth of its usual volume—so one ship carries the equivalent of six hundred shiploads of natural gas.

Natural gas deposits in the Rocky Mountains are locked in very tight underground formations. New ways are being found to unlock this gas and bring it to the surface.

There's another way to get more gas. Make it! The gas industry already has plants in operation making synthetic gas from things like coal and liquid hydrocarbons. More are planned in the years ahead.

**We're searching and researching
in the laboratory, too.**




The gas industry not only has to meet immediate needs, but must find out where the most practical answers lie for the future. Tomorrow's productive gas project is today's laboratory experiment. The gas industry is using its ingenuity in finding new ways to bring more gas to you.

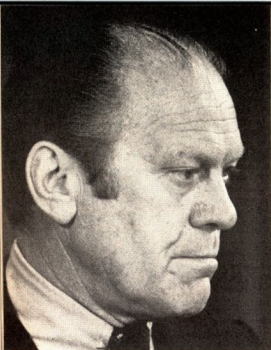
**Gas will continue to be
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All forms of energy are encountering increased costs. However, all indications are that gas will continue to be your best energy buy overall.

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**Use gas wisely.
It's clean energy for today
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American Gas Association



PRESIDENT FORD AT PRESS CONFERENCE



PROTESTERS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST ENERGY COSTS IN FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Feb. 3, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 5

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Free Speech at Yale

In recent years, the question of what limits, if any, should be put on persons advocating highly controversial views has been hotly debated on university campuses, the traditional American citadels of free speech. The man at the center of the storm has often been Physicist William Shockley of Stanford University, who theorizes that blacks are genetically inferior to whites. On April 15, 1974, a group of howling students, stomping their feet and shouting slogans, made it impossible for Shockley to address an audience at Yale University.

In the wake of that demonstration, Yale President Kingman Brewster appointed a student-faculty committee, headed by Historian C. Vann Woodward, "to examine the condition of free expression at Yale." Early this month the panel declared that interference with free speech should be a punishable offense, even when talks are deemed "defamatory or insulting." The only exception would be "if a speech advocates immediate and serious illegal action, such as burning down a library, and there is danger that the audience will proceed to follow such an exhortation."

Brewster endorsed and toughened the findings, then passed them on for final approval to the Yale Corporation, the university's board of trustees. If the corporation agrees, any Yale student—or faculty member—who is found guilty of disrupting free speech could be suspended for a year.

Running Down a Rumor

It was a spectacular news story, the kind that in more innocent times used to be called a "scoop." The Soviet Union's Leonid Brezhnev was coming to Boston to be treated for leukemia, or so announced the Boston *Globe* earlier this month. Trouble was, the Russian leader never showed up. Last week it became clear that the *Globe* had been the victim of another grand old journalistic tradition: the hoax.

To fool a first-rate newspaper like the *Globe*, a hoaxer has to create a story that does not seem entirely implausible. In the case of Brezhnev, there had been rumors out of Russia for weeks that the Communist Party boss was sick (see *EUROPE*). As it happened, the hoaxer, who is still unidentified, worked in the ideal setting to exploit the Brezhnev situation: Boston's renowned Sidney Farber Cancer Center. The hoaxer made up a fake admission schedule card for the Russian leader in the style used by clinic personnel: "L. Brezhnev. No wait. See Dr. Frei." Someone in the clinic saw the card and, apparently just to be helpful, called a Boston policeman and asked, "Did you know that Brezhnev was coming to town?"

As it happened, the *Globe* had a source in the clinic who spotted the same card and phoned in the startling information to the paper. The *Globe* was wary but then got word from one of its sources in the police department: Did the paper know that Brezhnev was coming?

After checking some more and getting no flat denials of the report, the

Globe front-paged the story, only to learn that it had been had. After tracing down the genesis of the hoax, Editor Thomas Winship admitted last week: "We got egg all over our face."

Me for You

When Jacqueline Nash, 24, pleaded guilty to possessing an unregistered handgun in East Cleveland, Judge James De Vinne was ready to sentence her to three days in jail. Suddenly her fiancé approached the bench. He was to blame, said Roderick Hinson. They had quarreled, and it was his pistol that she had been brandishing in the street. Well, said the judge, would Hinson be willing to serve the sentence for her? Yes, said Hinson, and after kissing and making up with Miss Nash, he went cheerfully off to jail.

"An unfortunate precedent," tut-tutted a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* editorial. Judge De Vinne admitted that he did not know whether such a ruling had ever been made before. But, he said, "I felt it was a good decision. It put blame where it belonged."

Hinson's fellow prisoners were incredulous about his chivalry, and the electric company fired him for not showing up on the job during the three days he was in jail. Hinson still thinks that he did the right thing. "Jail is no place for a lady," he declared last week. Besides, the experience did have its benefits. Said Jacqueline Nash: "I think I'm more considerate and patient now." Added Hinson with a smile: "Since then, she's been like peaches and cream."



FORD SIGNING PROCLAMATION



GOVERNORS FROM NORTHEASTERN STATES MEETING WITH PRESIDENT

THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

Ford: Facing a Fresh Gusher of Criticism

Not since he pardoned Richard Nixon had President Gerald Ford aroused such a furor. Last week he signed into law the first phase of his economy and energy program, provoking a veritable gusher of criticism from across the political spectrum. It is an outpouring that will be hard for him to cap, and it could ultimately swamp his ambitious, multifaceted program.

The Democratic-controlled Congress threatened to hold up and reject his proposals. A bipartisan group of Governors from the Northeast pledged to go to court to thwart his plans. A summit meeting of organized labor denounced his Administration in terms that they used to reserve for Herbert Hoover. Even on the right, former California Governor Ronald Reagan was sharply disapproving.

Further Drain. What Ford had done was to bite the bullet as he had been urged, though people had differing views of the bullet he should bite. He signed a proclamation that raises the tariff on imported crude oil by \$1 per bbl. starting Feb. 1 and moving up to a maximum \$3 per bbl. on April 1. The tariff hike is only part of his total program, which calls for a dramatic increase in the price of oil to reduce consumption, along with a \$16 billion tax cut to reimburse consumers. By launching the first part of his energy program,

Ford hopes to goad Congress into enacting the remainder. But many Congressmen and economists fear that the program will set off another round of inflation. Exactly how much is a matter of conjecture.

While the Federal Energy Administration estimates that the program will cost the average family of four an extra \$171 in energy bills a year, a Library of Congress report released last week puts the annual increase at a whopping \$723. But for the President, the important point seemed to be to take immediate action. On signing the proclamation, he declared: "Each day that passes without strong and tough action results in a further drain on our national wealth. The tactics of delay and proposals, which would allow our dependency and vulnerability to increase, will not be tolerated by the American people."

Even before Ford moved on tariffs, Senators Henry Jackson and Edward Kennedy had sponsored a Senate resolution to postpone the tariff increase for 60 days; in the meantime Congress, if it has the will, would be able to draft its own energy-saving program. In the House, Pennsylvania Democrat William Green offered a similar motion to defer the hike for 90 days, which the House Ways and Means Committee promptly voted, linking the deferral to an increase in the federal debt limit to \$531 billion.

Ford needs that increase and thus might find it difficult to veto the bill. When Treasury Secretary William Simon testified before the Ways and Means Committee, Green denounced the Administration for acting in the tradition of Watergate. "We are being treated in an ultimatum fashion," he complained. "We are beginning this exercise in an atmosphere not of compromise but in one of confrontation." Said new Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman, who had tried to persuade Ford to put off the proclamation: "We're extremely disappointed with the President. I wonder if the President might be playing games with Congress."

Death of Economy. Ten Northeastern Governors who met with the President just before he signed the tariff hike were equally angry (see **THE PRESIDENCY**). Since their region is more dependent on foreign oil than the rest of the country, it will be hardest hit by the new fees. "By this unilateral action," objected New York's Hugh Carey, "the President is going to coerce the Congress and the country." Said Connecticut Governor Ella Grasso: "The program will mean the death of our economy." The Governors pledged to file a lawsuit challenging the President's right to take unilateral action under authority of the 1962 Trade Expansion Act.

Most indignant of all were some 350

THE NATION

labor leaders of the AFL-CIO, who met in a Washington summit to hammer out their own economic plan. In a characteristically colorful diatribe, AFL-CIO President George Meany called the President's program "disastrous, the weirdest one I have ever seen." He drew the loudest applause when he attacked the oil-producing Arab nations along with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. "Kissinger had a new quotation for the history books: 'Pay.' And pay we did, and we will continue to pay until the U.S. deals with the blackmailers in the manner they deserve. No tribute, no foreign aid, no trade, no jet fighters to these people—nothing until the blackmail stops."

The AFL-CIO called for a total ban on oil imports from the Arab nations, as well as quotas on other foreign oil. Instead of deregulating the price of domestic oil and gas, as Ford has proposed, the union leaders asked for a program of oil allocation and gasoline rationing. They called for a tax cut of \$20 billion, in the form of reduced withholding taxes for middle- and lower-income families. Interest rates, they insisted, should be reduced to 6% or 7% and credit allocated to housing and other "high priority so-

cial and economic activities." They wanted a massive federal jobs program and extended unemployment benefits.

The White House was prepared for the onslaught of criticism, and Ford fought back all week in newly confident and authoritative style. In his press conference, Ford defended his program as the most comprehensive ever proposed in the energy field. "It is so well integrated," he insisted, "that every piece is essential if we're to achieve the maximum result, which is no vulnerability against foreign sources after 1985." Talking tough to the Conference Board, a group of businessmen meeting in Washington, Ford declared: "It seems to me that the Congress, individually or collectively, should not nitpick. If they do not agree, they ought to step up with a comprehensive alternative rather than to try to move in a backward way."

Goose Egg. The President's strategy was to put the Democrats on the spot, and that is where they may be despite their heavy majorities on the Hill. Under divergent pressures from their own varied constituencies, they will not have an easy time devising an alternative to Ford's program. As Meany put

it, the President at least has a program. "The Democrats' approach adds up to a great big goose egg." If the Democrats reject Ford's proposals, he will be able to attack them as a "do-nothing Congress" in the celebrated style of Harry Truman. If they replace his program with some kind of rationing or mandatory allocation, they will have to take the blame if their tactics misfire.

After a week of brandishing the stick, Ford finally offered a kind of carrot. In a winning, low-keyed interview with NBC-TV, he acknowledged that his program may not be "100% right." For the first time, he suggested a fallback position. He might have to accept an oil allocation program, though he continued to view gasoline rationing or a high gasoline tax as a last resort (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**). For all the rhetorical smoke, the President and the Democrats are not that far apart on many other aspects of the program: the need for an immediate tax cut, or the long-range energy independence proposals. What is needed is some bridge building between the White House and the Hill—just the job for a onetime Congressman skilled in the art of compromise.

Three New Chairmen for the House

BANKING AND CURRENCY

"I'm the Kraut with clout," joked Henry Schoellkopf Reuss last week after House Democrats voted him chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee. For 20 years as Representative from his Milwaukee district, Reuss had suffered Congress's archaic seniority system, waiting impatiently in the wings for his turn.

An intense, scholarly man, Reuss has had a longtime interest in the abstrusities of fiscal and monetary policy, a passion shared by his wife Margaret, an economics professor. Reuss describes himself as Lincolnian in economics. "The Government should do for people that, and only that, which they can't do for themselves, like standing up to conglomerates and multinationals, and other examples of giantism," he said. "I believe in low interest rates, fair prices and jobs for all. If that be Populism, I'm a Populist."

His program for jobs would call for expanded manpower training and a sizable increase in public-service employment. He would make better use of existing manpower resources by creating regional labor exchanges with computerized job data banks. He thinks that monetary policy must protect interest-sensitive parts of the economy from the harmful effects of tight money. To that end, he thinks that the Federal Reserve must be able to direct more credit toward small businesses and low- and moderate-income housing. To do this, he

would encourage banks to make high-priority loans in return for the right to hold lower reserves.

Some Government agencies, he argues, give perverse incentives to export scarce goods like wheat and cotton, and to export credit, which allows rich countries to buy U.S. goods at less than market prices. Last year Reuss suggested the creation of a congressional price-supply ombudsman to act as watchdog over rising prices. Finally, he would finance a tax reduction for low- to middle-income Americans by, among other things, closing

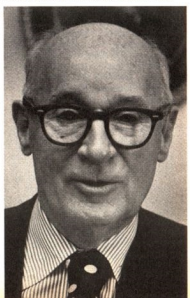
loopholes such as untaxed capital gains at death, hobby-farm deductions, and tax-exempt interest on bonds.

Reuss (the name rhymes with Joyce) was born 62 years ago into a Milwaukee banking family headed by his grandfather, a German immigrant. He studied at Cornell University, graduated from Harvard Law School in 1936, and won the Bronze Star in World War II for action in the crossing of the Rhine. Back home, he ran unsuccessfully for mayor, helped organize an anti-Joseph McCarthy drive called Operation Truth, and was defeated in a campaign for the Senate in 1952. But two years later, Reuss stumped Wisconsin's fifth district, mak-

BANKING CHAIRMAN HENRY REUSS



ARMED SERVICES CHAIRMAN MELVIN PRICE



THE CONGRESS

Dissension Among the Democrats

The controlling Democrats completed their task of organizing House committees last week, sweeping three Southern chairmen out of power in the process. This assault on the chamber's stultifying seniority system was designed to break down arbitrary barriers to legislation and enable the Democrats to deal more effectively with the economic crisis. Up to a point, it may do so. At the same time, however, a nasty non-ideological fight for personal prestige within the party threatens to disrupt the huge Democratic majority and impede the legislative pace.

That friction was not evident on the surface as the Democratic caucus, which consists of the party's entire House membership,* met for the second time

*The Democratic majority became precisely 2 to 1 last week when Oklahoma Democrat John Jarmen, an archconservative, announced that he was outraged by the ousting of committee chairmen and was joining the Republican Party. That makes the House division 290 Democrats to 145 Republicans.

in two weeks to decide who would lead four important committees. As expected, it reaffirmed its earlier rejection of Louisiana's F. Edward Hébert, 73, as chairman of the Armed Services Committee, replacing him with Illinois' Melvin Price, 70. Similarly, the caucus confirmed its removal of Texas' W.R. (Bob) Poage, 75, as head of the Agriculture Committee, naming instead Washington's Thomas S. Foley, 45. Both shifts should produce more responsive and less highhanded leadership. The elevation of the liberal Foley also could lead to an agricultural policy oriented more toward help for the impoverished users of food stamps and the nonaffluent grocery shopper than has been the case under the conservative Poage (see box).

Two Ballots. In the most contested race, the caucus reversed itself and approved an earlier recommendation by the party's Steering Committee that Wisconsin's Henry Reuss, 62, be named chairman of the Banking and Currency

DAVID KENNERLY



OHIO CONGRESSMAN WAYNE HAYS

ing speeches in his fluent German, and was elected to his first term in Congress. His seat has never been in danger since.

It was Reuss who urged the U.S. to break the relationship between the dollar and gold that helped set the stage for devaluation of the dollar in 1971. He also proposed legislation in 1970 that gave the President standby authority to impose wage and price controls. Reuss is a convinced environmentalist. Four years ago, he seized on an 1899 act that prohibited the dumping of wastes into interstate waterways and put it to use in the antipollution movement.

His response to Watergate was original, if ignored: Reuss urged his col-

leagues to pass a constitutional amendment to recall the President when a three-fifths majority of each house of Congress issued a vote of no confidence.

ARMED SERVICES

No one expects Charles Melvin Price to make waves as chairman of the Armed Services Committee. He is a party stalwart, almost unknown outside the House, the defense world and his downstate Illinois district. Notably, he lacks the arrogance of his predecessor, F. Edward Hébert, and any instinct for newspaper headlines.

Although Price feels the need to hold down defense spending and agrees that the military has not always been candid with his committee, he is not likely to go after its budget with a meat cleaver. His statements on cost cutting are always carefully modulated by assertions on behalf of national security. In his only notable break with the military in a 30-year career, he opposed the bombing of Cambodia after the signing of the Viet Nam truce agreement.

Price has served on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy since it was founded after World War II, and has been chairman of the House Committee on Standards and Official Conduct, normally a quiescent body that confines itself to "advising" members of Congress on ethical infractions.

A quiet, grandfatherly man who is married and has one son, Price is popular and trusted within the House. For 16 terms his constituents from the grimy industrial towns around East St. Louis have elected him to Congress, recently

with margins in excess of 2 to 1. Now 70, Price worked as a reporter for several Illinois and Missouri newspapers before his election in 1944.

AGRICULTURE

Thomas Stephen Foley's succession to the chair of the Agriculture Committee represented a particular forking in the pathway of his career. As a protégé of Senator Henry Jackson, and a popular Washington Congressman, he might have been tempted to run for the Senate if Jackson resigned his seat to campaign for the presidency. Not now: the revolution in the House against the seniority system has handed him, at age 45, an opportunity to block proposed rises in the cost of food stamps and to urge increased production of milk and cotton while keeping a floor under farm prices.

Foley opposed his predecessor, Bob Poage, over a 1970 farm bill rule denying food stamps to families if any member over 18 refused work. "I don't want to feed bums," he argued, "but neither do I think we should visit the sins of the parents upon the children."

Born in Spokane, Foley received his law degree from the University of Washington in 1957 and taught law briefly at Gonzaga University. Before running for Congress himself in 1964, he worked on the staff of "Scoop" Jackson's Senate Interior Committee. Although he backed military-spending projects like the ABM, Foley was chairman of the liberal Democratic Study Group. Unlike the bellowed, unpopular Poage, Foley is quiet, almost diffident; he has a preference for Mozart and Bach.

AGRICULTURE CHAIRMAN THOMAS FOLEY



THE NATION



HOUSE MAJORITY LEADER O'NEILL



DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS CHAIRMAN BURTON



Committee. It took two ballots before Reuss won out over Texas' Wright Patman, 81, who had reigned supremely over the committee for twelve years. Both men are economic liberals opposed to overconcentration of power among large financial institutions, but Reuss clearly is more briskly competent than the aging Patman. The caucus at first was split, giving Reuss 130 votes to 90 for Patman and 58 for Georgia's Robert G. Stephens. But with Stephens eliminated, Reuss won easily.

Bully Tactics. The danger of party dissension loomed behind the bitter contest for control of the seemingly insignificant House Administration Committee. Ohio's abrasive Wayne Hays, 63, lobbied shrewdly to retain his chairmanship, turning back the belated challenge of New Jersey's Frank Thompson, 56. An able and tough-minded legislator far more interested in his second-ranking position on the Education and Labor Committee, Thompson ran against Hays only when other colleagues insisted that Hays' bullying tactics must be checked. Thompson had seemed to agree with one Democrat who said of the Administration Committee: "Who wants to be in charge of delivering the toilet paper to the House bathrooms?" But when Pennsylvania's John Dent, an ally of Hays, threatened that Thompson would lose his chairmanship of a subcommittee, the irate Thompson could not resist the challenge. Yet he lost, 161 to 111.

Actually, Hays has used the committee, which supervises all House employees and controls various personal comforts of House members, to expand his influence and further his ample ambition. He has arbitrarily fired various workers, terrorizing elevator operators, barbers and restaurant employees. In scrapping to retain his post, Hays promised to raise the per diem expense allowances for traveling Congressmen from \$35 to \$45. He has also used his chairmanship of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, which dispenses campaign funds, to reward friends and browbeat enemies. He misled the 75 incoming freshmen by implying that he alone had been the source of the funds that helped elect them, even removing names of other party leaders from the letterhead of the Campaign Committee's stationery.

Tenuously allied with Hays in a drive for power is California's equally ambitious and canny Phillip Burton, 48, the newly elected chairman of the Democratic caucus. While each keeps a wary eye on the other, both are maneuvering to succeed Carl Albert as Speaker of the House. Albert last week lent new urgency to this jockeying by refusing to confirm—or deny—a public report that he intends to retire when his current term ends. Blocking the path of both Hays and Burton, however, is Massachusetts' Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill, the House majority leader. O'Neill has no intention of

letting either challenger edge him out as heir apparent to Albert.

The rivalry between Burton and O'Neill has been especially intense. The two have fallen into at least two emotional quarrels. Burton on one occasion threatened to settle the matter with fists.

In this succession struggle, the adroit Burton is a less reliable ally than Hays may suspect. When the Steering Committee first voted to remove Hays as chairman of the Administration Committee, one of the secret votes to do that, TIME has learned, was cast by Burton. It was only when Burton sensed how alarmed many of the party's elder but still influential members were over this assault on seniority that Burton decided that his own future might be imperiled if he publicly joined the move against Hays. Burton then worked openly to help Hays keep his post.

The gulf between Hays and the party leaders was also widened when Albert last week summoned Hays and, with O'Neill at the Speaker's side, asked the Ohioan to resign his leadership of the Campaign Committee. Albert argued that Hays had become too controversial to be an effective fund raiser. Hays angrily refused, but the touchy matter is far from settled.

A Target. Although victorious, Hays remains vengeful against those who tried to unseat him. Publicly he claims to harbor no grudges and no ambitions other than to run for Governor of Ohio. But privately, at a party celebrating his victory, Hays cornered Thompson and asked for the names of the Congressmen who had urged Thompson to run against him. "You must be out of your mind," Thompson replied, knowing that anyone he fingered would go on an enemies' list and become a target of Hays' retribution.

Hays' animosity contrasted with the reaction of the rejected Hébert. He had at first bitterly threatened to wage a floor fight to keep his chairmanship of Armed Services. This would have involved currying Republican votes to overturn a decision of the Democratic caucus. As party leaders, Albert and O'Neill announced sternly that if Hébert did so, he would be expelled from the party caucus and lose his seniority in the House, as well as his chairmanship. Hébert then not only abandoned the fight but sent words of thanks to Albert and O'Neill for saving him from an embarrassing defeat and giving him a face-saving out.

It is far from certain whether the other seeds of Democratic dissension will be similarly stifled by the urgency of the nation's legislative needs and the political advantage of party unity. It is clear, however, that if the Democrats turn fratricidal, House Republicans intend to take advantage of the disarray. Republican Leader John Rhodes has been quietly organizing his followers both to defend many of President Ford's legislative proposals and present other alternatives if the Democrats flounder.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Smoothness you can taste.

If you're looking for a smooth, easy ride, nothing in the world beats a balloon.

And if you're looking for the same smoothness in your cigarette, nothing beats a Lark. Lark has smoothness you can taste, from your first cigarette in the morning to your last one at night.

The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated charcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

Lark. It has smoothness you can taste -

Pack after pack.



King, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, Extra Long, 19 mg. "tar,"
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74.)

Oldsmobile's 1975 Cutlass Supreme would look great at any price.

At \$4048* it looks beautiful.



Want to travel in style? There's always a price to pay. But if Cutlass Supreme is your style, the price isn't hard to take at all. Supreme's good looks and easy handling have made it one of America's most popular luxury mid-size cars four years in a row. And this year's sculptured side design really sets it apart. The rich, carpeted interior with its velour seats is another reason Supreme is the style setter in its class.

What else will you get for your money? Power steering, front disc brakes, and the new high-energy ignition system, to name just a few. They're all standard equipment.

You'll keep getting more for your money. The '75 Cutlass Supreme should cost you hundreds of dollars less to run over the next few years than last year's Supreme. It needs less recommended maintenance—fewer oil changes, fewer spark plug changes, no points or condenser to replace. And you won't be ashamed to tell your friends about its gas mileage. According to published EPA tests, 16 mpg in the city and 21 on the highway with the standard six-cylinder engine. And, of course, Cutlass Supreme enjoys traditionally high resale value.

But after all, when it comes to style, to beauty, there aren't many cars in Cutlass Supreme's class. Especially at \$4,048*.

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IT'S A GOOD YEAR TO HAVE AN OLDS AROUND YOU.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Cutlass Supreme Edelmane Hardtop Coupe, including dealer prep charge. Destination charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



INTELLIGENCE

The Pandora's Box at the FBI

Many Congressmen were already aroused by charges that the Central Intelligence Agency had spied illegally on Americans within the U.S. Last week they found cause for fresh—and personal—indignation: confirmation of recurring Washington suspicions that FBI files contain reports about the sex lives, drinking problems and other peccadilloes of many public figures, including some members of Congress. As a result, the Senate was expected to vote this week to set up an eleven-member select committee to investigate not only the CIA but the FBI and the entire U.S. intelligence community, which employs between 100,000 and 150,000 people and costs some \$6 billion a year.* Democratic Senator Alan Cranston of California said that the probe would cover "anything and everything, not only the illegal and unconstitutional, but also the unwise" activities of the agencies.

The fire storm over the FBI was set off by a Washington *Post* exposé that contained little new information about bureau practices under the late director J. Edgar Hoover, but quoted two of his former assistants, Cartha DeLoach and Louis B. Nichols, as confirming the existence of the files on Congressmen. FBI Director Clarence M. Kelley later denied that the information had been misused. But many on Capitol Hill suspected otherwise. Said Democratic Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming: "Obviously, it's to be held in reserve for some kind of blackmail." That apparently was not the case. Said one FBI man: "What Hoover

did with that stuff may have been improper, but it certainly wasn't blackmail." It is known that Hoover often regaled Presidents and other high Government officials with salacious tidbits about Congressmen. On occasion, he also leaked damaging information to discredit officeholders whom he considered to be enemies.

Kelley maintained that the FBI had not pried into the private lives of Congressmen, except where they were being considered for federal jobs or were the subjects of criminal investigations. But he admitted that the FBI kept on hand raw data—much of them unsubstantiated rumors or absurd speculations—about the private activities of Congressmen and other public figures. Most of the data were collected in the course of unrelated criminal investigations or were received unsolicited from informants and private citizens.

Shredded Papers. Past and present FBI officials told *TIME* that some of the information came from the special agents in charge of several FBI field offices, who regularly dispatched reports to Hoover in sealed envelopes marked "personal and confidential." Hoover kept them in his private office, though duplicates of most of the reports were placed in the FBI's general files. After Hoover's death, his secretary shredded his personal papers. But the official said that the secretary turned over 150 manila files, containing information on more than 250 public officials and others, to then Acting Associate FBI Director Mark W. Felt. His successor since 1973, Nicholas P. Callahan, declined to talk about the files.

Some of the material collected by the FBI was as sensational as it was spurious. It included reports that gamblers were



J. EDGAR HOOVER (1965)
Salacious tidbits.

paying off a Southern Senator; that three Senators were silent partners in a vending-machine firm that was linked with organized crime; that an Eastern Congressman had paid \$40,000 to extortionists who were preying on homosexuals; that the sometime boy friend of a past President's daughter was a homosexual. Other files contained rumors about the reputed affairs of John and Robert Kennedy, of Eleanor Roosevelt, and of Richard Nixon, who was improbably said to have had a liaison with a Chinese woman in Hong Kong before he became President.

Outraged by the reports about the CIA and FBI activities, the Senate Democrats caucused last week. After hearing evidence that congressional oversight, particularly of the CIA, has been inadequate, the Democrats agreed, according to Adlai E. Stevenson III of Illinois, that "the danger of the police state is no longer unreal." They voted 45 to 7 to recommend that the Senate set up a select com-

*Besides the CIA and the FBI, the community's principal members are the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Department of State's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, the Air Force's A-2, the Army's G-2 and the Navy's Office of Naval Intelligence.

INTERNATIONAL, CHICAGO



ON FILE: ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

WALTER BENNETT



RICHARD NIXON

AP



JOHN & ROBERT KENNEDY

Probing the illegal, the unconstitutional, the unwise and the dangers of the police state.

THE NATION

mittee to investigate "the extent, if any, to which illegal, improper or unethical activities were engaged in by any agency" of the U.S. Government from the days of the cold war until the present.

Even before the full Senate had voted on the probe, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott had decided that the G.O.P. members of the committee would be John G. Tower of Texas as vice chairman, plus Barry M. Goldwater of Arizona, Charles McC. Mathias Jr. of Maryland, Richard S. Schweiker of Pennsylvania and Howard H. Baker Jr. of Tennessee. As vice chairman of the Senate Watergate Committee, Baker made a special point of probing the CIA's involvement in that scandal. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield had not yet settled on his appointments or on his choice for committee chairman; among the likely candidates for the job were Philip A. Hart of Michigan and John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, even though Pastore disavowed any interest in it.

Full Analysis. There was no lack of Democratic candidates for the committee. Many looked on it as a way to enhance their own reputations, bearing out some of the worst fears of conservatives like Democrat John C. Stennis of Mississippi, who lamented: "The bird is out of the cage and gone." Stennis and some other Senators fear that a careless investigation may further damage the morale of the intelligence agencies, expose secrets, and even endanger undercover agents. Said he: "This is not comparable to Watergate. An agency of this kind can be destroyed." But Mansfield promised that the committee would conduct "neither witch hunt nor whitewash" but "a full and objective analysis of the role of intelligence gathering in a free society today, measured against current laws, practices and policies." Mansfield also assured his colleagues that "there will be no TV spectacles in any way, shape or form."

That seemed to mean that the Senate committee probably will conduct much if not all of its probe in secrecy, as has been done so far by President Gerald Ford's commission to investigate the CIA. Its chairman, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, said last week that his group has "been given a broad picture" of the situation by CIA Director William E. Colby and his predecessors, and would next "go into details with the CIA staff." Asked if the commission had found "extensive illegal spying," Rockefeller cautiously replied: "I would not say that what you have just said would be the impression left so far." Nonetheless, the furor over the CIA, FBI and other intelligence-gathering agencies was not likely to end until the Senate committee finishes its probe by the Democrats' proposed deadline of Sept. 1. At the very least, the committee is expected to recommend better congressional oversight of the agencies and legislation to ensure that they stick to the purposes for which they were established.



FORD MEETS THE PRESS ON THE WHITE HOUSE DRIVEWAY

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

He Has Done His Homework

The country had a President last week, and it was such a novel experience that a lot of people were not sure what to make of it.

Gerald Ford was acting like a real leader. He was the only man in town with a complete economic and energy plan and, whether it will ultimately be judged good or bad, he was moving ahead with relish and considerable skill.

After attending about 100 solid hours of meetings on these matters over the past two months, consuming literally millions of written words on the intricate issues, Ford knew his subject matter better than his critics. That is considered unsportsmanlike conduct in these gaseous circles.

Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, went to breakfast with reporters and was so mixed up about Ford's plan that he admitted he had not studied it.

"We're talking about thousands of little pieces of paper," Albert said at one point, believing that taxpayers would have to get receipts for gasoline and turn them in for tax rebates. No, no, said reporters, that wasn't the plan. "Well, how is he going to do that... I don't know," said Albert.

Ten Governors (eight of them Democrats) from the Northeastern states came to town breathing fire, claiming that the Ford energy tax would penalize their states. They circled around Ford in the Cabinet Room for what one claimed was "a very hard talking session." Massachusetts' Michael Dukakis was the toughest, boring in with a list of arguments against Ford's proposals. Finally, in a stern voice, he asked Ford, who sat across from him: "Have you considered the unfairness of what you are about to do?"

"I'm sorry," came back Ford, "I disagree with you... we've looked at every possible option. They were piled high... we were on the threshold of disaster... we have got to have action."

Ford looked Dukakis in the eye and hammered the table as he spoke. He listened to each one of the Governors as they made their complaints. The meeting ran 30 minutes beyond schedule, but Ford heard them all out. When it was over he went to his small study, and one of his aides murmured, "That was really rough." Ford showed no bitterness. "I've got to hear that," he said. "They've got their problems and I want to know about them."

But then Ford strode into the Oval Office to sign the very proclamation, to increase the oil-import fees, that the Governors had opposed. He made his short statement somberly, scribbled his left-handed signature, then, looking up at the silent gallery of aides, newsmen and photographers, chuckled: "I don't see anybody clamoring for extra pens."

At that time the Governors were using the White House lawn to denounce the Ford plan before the television cameras. Again it was hard talk, but it was civilized, the kind of ritual on which good government thrives. Ford's ubiquitous staff members reported back to him what was happening out front. Rather than hide in his sanctum, the President decided to go out on the lawn and rebut the critics. Instantly, he had a driveway press conference going. "We've diddled and dawdled long enough," he said, clasping his hands behind his back. "We have to have an energy program... I think the American people want action... affirmative action, not negative action."

By the end of the day he was sitting in the family quarters of the White House, having just finished an hour of live-television questioning by NBC's John Chancellor and Tom Brokaw. The TV lights were off, the cameras dead, and the men were sipping Scotchies. Ford was puffing his pipe and musing about the people who were going after him. Ford was handicapping each of the key men who would oppose him, determined to press his case in a democratic manner. It is such a sane and decent approach that it has already confounded a sizable segment of the opposition.

CRIME

The Bizarre Case of Father and Son

Brutal crime is seldom commonplace but, even so, as Sherlock Holmes might have observed, from the outset the case possessed some curious features. On the afternoon of Jan. 8, a neatly dressed, well-spoken man posing as an insurance agent appeared at the door of Mrs. DeWitt Romaine in Leonia, N.J. Then, brandishing a knife and a gun, the man forced his way inside and tied up the three occupants. Remarkably, his accomplice was a young boy who appeared to be no older than eleven or twelve and whose long, sandy-colored hair gave him a somewhat girlish appearance.

For two hours, as family members and friends came to the house, the pair seized and tied up each new arrival. The final visitor was Maria Fasching, 21, a practical nurse who lived in the neighborhood and was looking in on Mrs. Romaine's invalid mother. Taken to the basement by the intruders, the young nurse apparently resisted the man's attempt to molest her; helplessly, the hostages upstairs heard her scream: "I thought you weren't going to hurt me!" Police later found her dead in a pool of blood, with stab wounds in her back, throat and chest.

Five Break-ins. The murder attracted widespread publicity, and soon the Bergen County police received calls from Pennsylvania and Maryland authorities: a man and boy with a virtually identical *modus operandi* were wanted in those states. In November, in the Philadelphia suburb of Lindenwold, N.J., a man and boy forced their way into a home and tied a housewife to a bed. The man raped her; then the two invaders ransacked the house for jewelry and cash. There was a similar sex-and-robbery crime in early December in Susquehanna Township, Pa.

There, a man and boy bound and assaulted four women, made ugly sexual threats and stole \$20,000 worth of jewelry. A similar pair invaded homes in Baltimore on Dec. 10 and Dumont, N.J., on Jan. 6. Before Maria Fasching, no one had been killed, but there had been five break-ins by a man and boy in the three-state area within three months. Conceivably, there may have been other incidents: because of embarrassment, women often fail to report sex crimes to the police.

Shirt Clues. The police could not, of course, be sure that all the crimes were the work of the same man and boy, but the combination was so unlikely as to create a strong presumption. As the various law-enforcement agencies compared notes, the presumption grew. Explained New Jersey's Bergen County prosecutor, Joseph Woodcock: "Most of the victims described the man's age between 40 and 45. They said the young boy was eleven or twelve. Basically, the method of operation was the same. The man seemed to cut electrical cords indiscriminately. He used some pieces to tie the victims, but he seemed to cut many more pieces than he needed to tie them up." There were other similarities: many of the women victims were forced to disrobe; sexual assault or molestation was always threatened and often carried out; the robbers always stole jewelry and money; and because of the youth's long hair, many of the victims were uncertain at first whether he was a boy or girl. The man, much like the infamous Boston Strangler, liked to tie his victims on a bed and toy with them. Once, in a particularly perverted scene, he commanded the boy to rape a woman; the boy could not.



KENSINGTON SHOE-REPAIR SHOP
Sordid family notoriety.

The investigators soon got a break. The pair who fled the murder house in Leonia were seen near by minutes later washing blood from the man's shirt in a puddle of water and then discarding the shirt when the blood failed to wash away. Local police retrieved the blood-stained shirt the same day, and it was a veritable marquee of clues. Inside the collar were a manufacturer's trademark, a store label and a launderer's stamp. The manufacturer was able to pinpoint a store in Philadelphia where the garment had been sold. The dry cleaner was quickly found; only three blocks away lived the shirt's owner, Joseph Kallinger, 38, a shoe repairman who, with his wife Elizabeth, 40, and their five children occupied a house in the working-class Kensington area of Phil-

PARENTS WITH JOSEPH JR. SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH

KALLINGER CHRISTMAS: ELIZABETH, MICHAEL, BONNIE-SUE, JOSEPH, JAMES





MICHAEL IN CUSTODY
Odd couple.

adelphia. On the bottom floor of the house was a shoe repair shop that Kallinger owned and operated. True, Kallinger's name was misspelled on the shirt. But that, the dry cleaner explained, was because his machine could not print more than eight letters across; dropping an / had been the solution, and he knew the shirt well.

Child Abuse. Photographs of Kallinger matched the descriptions provided by New Jersey victims, but the police did not move in on him at once: there was always the chance that he had discarded the shirt, perhaps given it to the Salvation Army, and that someone else had been wearing it in Leonia. Only when Kallinger's fingerprints, which were on file as a result of his arrest for child abuse, were found to match one at the scene of the Susquehanna Township robbery did Harrisburg police arrest Kallinger and charge him with one count of burglary, four counts of armed robbery and four counts of kidnapping. His son Michael, 13, and another son James, 11, were also taken into custody. After several hours, James was released, a move that seemed to point to Michael as the youthful accomplice. As a minor, Michael is not liable to routine criminal charges in Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey authorities found in the Kallinger house evidence, some of it stolen goods, that was linked to the Dumont robbery and the Leonia murder and robbery.

A father's slinking off with his scarcely teen-age son to commit various alleged acts of robbery, sexual brutality and finally murder may be a new twist in the already sufficiently demented and bizarre annals of crime. But it is, astonishingly, only the latest episode in a series of events that, at least to Phil-

THE NATION

adelphia newspaper readers, have made the whole Kallinger family well known over the past few years. In January 1972, three Kallinger children went into court to press charges of extreme physical abuse against their father. Kallinger languished in jail for seven months awaiting trial because he was unable to raise the \$75,000 bail. When he finally stood trial, his sons testified that their father had chained them to the kitchen stove and beaten them.

Kallinger's daughter Mary Jo, then 13, testified that he had tied her hands over her head and burned her thigh with a hot kitchen spatula, while holding a knife at her throat to keep her from screaming. The jury convicted Kallinger of aggravated cruelty to minors as well as assault and battery. He was sentenced to four years probation, and returned home to a tearful reconciliation with his family. That was well reported and photographed in the local press. An assistant district attorney in the case called Kallinger "a walking time bomb" and pleaded with the court to place him under psychiatric care. Kallinger's sentence required him to seek psychiatric help, but apparently he never did.

Boy's Death. One of his present attorneys, Malcolm Berkowitz, met Kallinger in May 1973, and over the next several months obtained sworn affidavits from the three children in which they recanted their original testimony. Berkowitz claims that the children were prepared to withdraw the charges against their father shortly after making them but that the police officers who took the charges down threatened to send the children to a detention home if they went back on their story. With the affidavits claimed as new evidence, Berkowitz in November 1973 asked for a new trial for Kallinger, a motion that the judge in the case still has under advisement.

Within months, there was more trouble in the Kallinger home. Joseph Jr., 13, was sent to a state psychiatric facility for observation and treatment. The reason was the boy's homosexual involvement with an older man. After a six-month stay, Joseph Jr. returned home for a month, then ran away. Last Aug. 8, his body was found under the rubble of a collapsed building in downtown Philadelphia. That also was reported in the local press. Police still do not know the cause of the boy's death, but one month before it occurred, Kallinger had taken out life insurance policies on two of his sons. Joseph Jr.'s policies called for a total award of \$59,000 to Kallinger and his wife in the event of the boy's accidental death, but the three insurers have thus far declined to pay.

Too Truant. Kallinger took a kind of satisfaction in the notoriety that his family had received. He pinned the newspaper clippings detailing his family's woes to the wall of his shoe repair shop, and he frequently pointed them out with pride to customers.

The Kallingers' neighbors are divided in their opinion of the family. Some neighbors find the Kallinger boys roughnecks who are too often truant from school, and their father a sour-tempered man given to the brandishing of a gun during neighborhood disputes. Others describe Kallinger as an expert cobbler who is unfailingly polite and neighborly to his customers.

Berkowitz vows that he will fight Kallinger's extradition from Pennsylvania to New Jersey, where he is wanted on suspicion of Fasching's murder. But first the victims of the New Jersey crimes will face Kallinger and Michael in a line-up this week. If their identification is positive, the saga of the Kallingers of Kensington will take its grimest turn yet.

WOODCOCK DISPLAYING BLOODSTAINED SHIRT FOUND NEAR LEONIA MURDER SCENE





Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
longer cigarette.
Benson & Hedges
100's



Regular and Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '74.



The White Elephant

(Smirnoff, white creme de cacao, m-i-l-k)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tasters told us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."



That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 ozs. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless*

ENERGY

Rationing: Some Pros—But a Lot of Cons

If there is any broad consensus in the U.S. on energy policy, it is that the nation must cut back on fuel consumption and reduce its dependence on foreign oil. But voluntarism has failed. Now, then, should the power of Government be used in a large democracy to make citizens consume less energy? President Ford's package of tariffs and taxes is aimed at raising the prices of gasoline, heating oil and other petroleum products in the hope that the market mechanism will yield a reduction in demand. Ford's complex, costly and contentious proposal has not only stirred savage opposition but also raised calls in and out of Congress for a new look at an old alternative: gasoline rationing.

Generally, Americans

surely figure prominently in the debate over energy policy in the weeks ahead.

Would rationing be a wise approach to the nation's energy problems? Its advocates offer three basic arguments:

IT IS DIRECT. The U.S. could cut its oil imports by the goal of 1 million bbl. a day—or 5.5% of consumption—merely by printing coupons limiting what motorists can buy. Thus rationing, says one of its Senate advocates, Colorado Democrat Floyd Haskell, would have "an immediate conservation effect."

IT IS FAIR. Gasoline would be doled out according to need rather than the

It experience might doubt it. Owners of the nation's 25 million cars (there are about 101 million today) endured a coupon system that determined how much they could drive. There were "A" coupons (good for up to 4 gal. per week) for people who were deemed not to need a car much, "B" or "C" coupons for those having to drive somewhat more, and "T" or "X" coupons permitting unlimited gas purchases for truckers, doctors, telephone repairmen and others whose livelihood depended upon motoring.

The AFL-CIO's associate general counsel, Thomas Harris, who was the top rationing lawyer at the wartime Office of Price Administration recalls: "Rationing gave more trouble than anything else. In large parts of the



COUPONS PRINTED LAST YEAR FLANK 1942 RATIONING SCENE

were shocked at the prospect of gas rationing when it loomed for a time during the Arab oil embargo a year ago.

But one recent poll indicates that slightly more than half of the U.S. population would now accept rationing if it were the only alternative to Ford's price plan. It is as yet unclear what kind of national constituency would back the Senate bill, introduced last week by Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana and Republican Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, that mandates a nationwide rationing program "within 60 days." (Ford announced that he would veto that or any other rationing bill.) But support for rationing is probably strongest among lower-income citizens who worry most about the pocketbook impact of Ford's plan. Rationing was a key part of the AFL-CIO alternative to the Ford program presented by George Meany last week, and it will

ability to pay. The impact of Ford's price approach, notes Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana, would be greater on the poor than on the well-to-do. Under rationing, Metcalf is persuaded, "everyone would make a sacrifice at every level." With the conservation goals contemplated today, all motorists would get coupons entitling them to 9 gal. per week.

IT IS FAMILIAR. The U.S. had gas rationing for 3½ years during World War II. The Government already has 4.8 billion ration coupons, printed during the Arab oil embargo and usable at any time, stashed in five locations around the country. The coupons would be sufficient to last for three months.

But will Americans buy rationing? Those who remember the World War

country there was no shortage of gas, and people had trouble understanding the rationale of the program. Another big problem was the severity. An "A" book hardly gave you enough gas to keep your car battery up. Then, the program had to be tailored to individuals. For instance, ministers got unlimited gasoline, so chicken sexers demanded it too—they said that they were essential to the war effort."

By the end of the war, an estimated 15% of all the "C" coupons in circulation were phony; counterfeiters had run them off to sell to conniving motorists or service-station dealers. Racketeers started a booming black market in stolen coupons. One gang even seized tickets worth 20 million gal. of gasoline from the Government's own offices in Washington.

Any rationing plan adopted today would probably be a "white market" sys-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

tem; coupons would be transferable, and people who did not need all their coupons could legally sell them to those who did. White market rationing would generate less skulduggery and ill feelings than the World War II variety did. But it would still be inadequate and unfair.

The Federal Energy Administration, which would run any rationing program, last week spelled out some of the possible consequences. Coupons would go to the nation's 125 million licensed drivers; another 15 million Americans might rush to get licenses just to be able to procure coupons. The white market price of the coupons could reach \$1.20 per gal.—over and above the current average pump price of 55¢.

More important, rationing by itself would not provide a financial incentive to the U.S. energy industry to produce more domestic oil and develop alternate forms of energy. Rationing also would not help to promote energy conservation outside of curbing the use of cars. At the same time, the FEA reckons that rationing would probably depress the gross national product by nearly \$13 billion in the first year, presumably by cutting the market for new cars.

Grave Questions. Unquestionably, rationing would generate widespread inequities. Lower-income motorists would be penalized because they tend to drive inefficient old cars that get poor gasoline mileage. Residents of rural and suburban areas would suffer more than city dwellers, because they are not served by adequate mass transit systems. A network of local rationing boards would probably be created to deal with hardship claims. But there would be much bureaucratic adjudication of minute details of Americans' private and business lives. By FEA's estimate, rationing would require the creation of a massive bureaucracy of as many as 25,000 full-time employees. Even Senator Mansfield concedes that any rationing program would require "a lot of fine tuning."

The arguments against rationing, of course, are not necessarily arguments for President Ford's flawed program to raise tariffs and taxes. By greatly increasing the price of all oil products (gasoline and fuel oil would go up about 10¢ per gal.), it would add at least two percentage points to the cost of living index. Furthermore, U.S. producers of petrochemicals, synthetic textiles and other products that derive from oil would be at a great disadvantage in world markets because their foreign competitors would be using cheaper oil. Grave questions exist over whether enough energy would be saved to justify these high costs.

There are alternatives. One that is appealing—because it attacks the main source of energy waste—is a big increase in the federal tax on gas at the pump, on the order of 20¢ per gal. or more. President Ford opposes a tax increase, and Congress has little enthusiasm for it. Another alternative is receiving in-

creasingly serious attention in Washington: phased-in reductions in oil imports coupled with mandatory conservation measures and an allocation system that would spread the impact of reduced supplies. This in effect is a form of rationing without coupons.

Ford said last week that if Congress rejects his excise-tax package, he would probably fall back on such an allocation plan. Thus allocation could be an area for future compromise between the

Administration and the Democrats. For the moment, some leading Democrats are lining up behind rationing, but there is one notable exception. Washington Senator Henry Jackson, a respected energy expert on the Hill, puts it well down on his list of policy alternatives. He has not curtly dismissed rationing as "a last resort," as the President did last week. But that could be one point on which "Scoop" Jackson and Jerry Ford are at least close to agreement.

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMAN



CUSTOMER LOOKING OVER BARGAINS AT FORD SHOWROOM IN SAN FRANCISCO LAST WEEK

AUTOS

Detroit's Sale: Everything Goes!

Few sights more dramatically mirrored the alarming slump in the nation's most important industry in recent months than the seemingly endless rows of spanking new unsold Chrysler cars cramming Detroit's huge Michigan State Fairgrounds. Then, two weeks ago, in a desperate move to boost sales, Chrysler began temporarily offering cash rebates to buyers of its new models—and set the stage for what amounts to one of Detroit's rare full-dress fire sales. Within a week, Ford rolled out a rebate plan of its own, and now the industry's giant, General Motors, and its pygmy, American Motors, have joined the price-cutting parade.

It is still too early to gauge the effect of the price reductions, but the early returns are encouraging. The industry disclosed last week that during the latest ten-day sales period ending Jan. 20, Americans bought more than 130,000 cars. That was a decline of "only" 15% from the same period last year—and thus a marked improvement. During the month's first ten-day sales period, sales totaled just 93,235 cars, and were down 33% on a year-to-year basis,

the worst performance ever recorded.

Chrysler was the only company to start its plan early enough to have an appreciable effect on the midmonth sales total. It posted sales of 23,608 cars, up 90% from the horrendous decline in the first ten days of January—but still 8% down from the same period last year. Says Chrysler Sales Chief Robert McCurry: "It's like the old days, when new car introductions made people excited and enthusiastic."

No Deal. Generally, the price cuts are focused on the industry's glut of small cars. Typically, models carrying a list price of about \$3,000 bring a \$200 rebate, and those costing \$4,000 or more a refund of up to \$600. Under the GM plan, customers will get a rebate of \$200 on compacts and subcompacts, including Chevrolet's Vega and Oldsmobile's Omega. Buyers of Chevrolet's sporty new Monza 2+2, or Buick's Skyhawk will receive \$500. Ford is offering \$200 on small economy cars such as the Pinto and \$500 on small luxury cars such as the Mustang II Ghia. American Motors will pay rebates of \$200 on Hornet compacts and Gremlins and up to \$600

1975 Datsun. 3 Models at 39 MPG.

Other auto makers would be ecstatic if they could claim one model with mileage like that. We have three: The B-210 Hatchback, 2- and 4- Door Sedans.

In the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency tests of 1975 cars sold in the U.S., our B-210 got 39 miles per gallon on the highway, 27 in town. In today's economy, that's the kind of economy you need.

But the fantastic mileage is just one

Datsun virtue. Good old-fashioned value is another. Every B-210 comes with these features included in its base price: 1400cc engine, power-assist front disc brakes, reclining bucket seats, carpeting, tinted glass, electric rear window defogger, trip odometer, whitewalls, full wheel covers and much more.

Datsun B-210. Drive one today, and see for yourself how much Datsun Saves!



**Datsun
Saves**

True brings low tar and low nicotine to the 100mm smoker.

New True 100's



King size
and 100's

100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method. King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, King Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

on certain Matador models. Chrysler will pay rebates of up to \$300 on big as well as small cars, but the models eligible for refunds change every few days. In addition, Chrysler is offering an extra bonus of \$100 to customers who trade in certain designated models. Chrysler's program ends on Feb. 16, and the rest on Feb. 28.

Besides offering direct rebates to buyers, the companies are continuing their standard programs of cash incentives and bonuses to dealers, which are designed to enable salesmen to knock a substantial amount off sticker prices and still turn a profit. The willingness of dealers to deal is heavily stressed in the companies' ads. Already, however, car buyers are beginning to grumble that in some isolated cases dealers are using the company-rebate promotions as an excuse to dig in and insist on the full list price.

At the same time, the automakers' sales drive has picked up some surprising outside support. Dozens of companies, some of them suppliers of automotive parts, others located in the hard-hit Detroit area, are also paying rebates to their employees who buy new cars. Sperry and Hutchinson is offering \$50,000 Green Stamps (nominal value: \$125) to car-buying employees. Gulf + Western, Libby-Owens-Ford Co. and Budd Co., among others, are offering \$100 sweeteners.

Still Dismal. Sharply skidding car sales have played a major part in tipping the economy into its present deep recession. Production cutbacks have closed 20 auto plants; almost 300,000 workers—one-fifth of the industry's total—have been laid off. Automakers complain that sales have been depressed by shrinking consumer confidence caused largely by Washington's inability to cope with the nation's inflation, recession and energy crisis. Another explanation comes from Auto Analyst Alfred Nelson of the Wall Street brokerage house of Cyrus J. Lawrence. Says he: "The sticker price went up an average \$1,200 on domestic cars in less than two years. Nobody should expect that a broad range of customers will pay those kinds of increases."

So far, auto firms have given no indication that the rebates might be extended. Nor are actual cuts in list prices likely. Part of the reason is that the industry wants to have those hefty sticker prices in effect in case wage and price controls are imposed later on in the year. In addition, the automakers still contend that the high prices are justified by increased material and labor costs. In view of the still dismal state of the business, however, they may have to make yet another agonizing reappraisal of their position. Reason: unless auto sales pick up appreciably this year, chances for an economic recovery are dim. And if the economy does not start rebounding, the chances for a long-term boost in auto sales are even dimmer.

BANKING

Nagging Questions of Stability

It was a swift, smooth salvage job. Perilously short of cash needed to pay off creditors, Long Island's Security National Bank (assets: \$1.8 billion) was close to collapse. Over a hectic weekend in Washington, Comptroller of the Currency James E. Smith declared a formal emergency under the banking laws, then arranged for Justice Department and Federal Reserve Board approval of a quick rescue. When Security National customers showed up at the bank's 86 branches on the following Monday, they were greeted with signs announcing, **WE'RE NOW CHEMICAL BANK.**

New York's Chemical, the country's seventh biggest bank, paid the defunct Security National company, which had been the 79th largest, \$40 million for its assets. Explaining the speedy takeover, Chemical Chairman Donald C. Platten said that Comptroller Smith "wanted it done quickly." Added Platten: "The public interest was involved."

Deep Trouble. Security National had been under Government scrutiny for several months because of its increasing reliance on short-term borrowed funds to support its lending activity. An aggressively run outfit that grew rapidly in the early 1970s, Security National had invested heavily in a questionable drive to expand into the competitive

These failures, and the near collapse of Security National, gave new urgency to a frightening question: Are many more of the 14,616 banks in the U.S. dangerously overextended? Undeniably, the tight squeeze on credit that the Federal Reserve applied last spring and is only now beginning to ease has been especially hard on expansion-minded regional banks like Security National. Unable to raise enough cash by selling stocks or bonds, many of these so-called



THE NEW YORK TIMES



SIGN AT SECURITY NATIONAL BRANCH AFTER TAKEOVER; ABOVE, CHEMICAL'S PLATTEN
Quickly done, because the public interest was deeply involved.

New York City banking market. But it began running into deep trouble last year when the housing industry collapsed, and much of its fat portfolio of real estate loans went sour.

Having written off \$11.7 million in lost loans during the first nine months of 1974 (v. 3 million in all of 1973), Security National desperately needed to increase its capital. At the same time, however, depositors were steadily pulling out—at least partially because they had been shaken by the failure in October of another overly ambitious Long Island bank, the Franklin National, which suffered from many of the same problems as Security National. Had Security National actually closed its doors, it would have been the fourth sizeable bank to go under in the past 16 months.

second-tier banks have been forced to borrow increasing amounts of money from other banks and from the Federal Reserve, often on short terms and at high interest rates, in order to satisfy loan demand. As the recession has gathered steam, meanwhile, bad loans have been mounting.

At the moment, the Treasury is maintaining special surveillance on more than 70 banks whose capital reserves are particularly low in relation to their loans. The Fed has sent out unmistakable signals that it wants banks to slow their rush to diversify. Last year the Fed rejected bids by four* of the nation's ten largest banks to make acquisitions, citing various rea-

*The four: BankAmerica, Citicorp, Bankers Trust New York and First Chicago.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

sons including weak capital positions.

Loan losses will undoubtedly increase this year as the recession continues, but the capital scarcity plaguing the banking system is temporarily easing, in part because of the diminished demand for business loans. Moreover, the Fed has been gradually increasing its injections of money into the system since last fall. Last week the Fed reduced the amount of reserves that banks must keep on hand to back up certain types of deposits (chiefly checking accounts); in effect this will make available up to \$6 billion more for new bank loans.

Big Deficit. Taken together, the Security National rescue and the Fed's loosening showed that Washington is not going to allow faith in the banking system to be shaken by some individual episodes of bad loans and bad judgment during what may prove to be the worst U.S. recession in 40 years. It also shows the Government's desire to avert a capital squeeze that could result from the heavy Treasury borrowing that will be necessary to cover the Administration's big budget deficit. Last week Treasury Secretary William Simon predicted that federal deficits for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1976 will hit \$85 billion—the biggest deficit in 30 years.

The banking system's present problems stem from a decade of rapid growth, which stretched the resources of many institutions to the limit. The new Congress plans to hold exhaustive hearings later this year, not only on the recent bank failures but also on several broader questions. Among them: whether or not to curb the proliferation of big bank holding companies and whether the U.S. needs a system of credit allocation to help protect credit-sensitive industries like housing from being choked when money is tight. The country's bankers dislike prospects of even more regulation in their heavily controlled industry. "Any business can be ruined by bad management," says Chairman Walter Wriston of New York's First National City Bank. "Regulation won't save it." But to judge from all the rumbblings on Capitol Hill about reforming the banking system, Washington believes that it can.

MONEY

The Fevered Franc

Now the Swiss, of all people, are all hot and bothered about those familiar international fall guys, the currency speculators. In sometimes furious trading on the European money markets over the past five months, the Swiss franc has risen in value by 22% against the dollar and just under 6.5% against the mighty West German mark. Lately

the franc's gyrations have been especially wild. Last week, as the franc bounced to a new alltime high of 2.47 to the dollar on the Zurich exchange, the Bern government took a drastic step to curb the unwanted popularity of Swiss currency. Retroactive to Oct. 31, nonresidents who make large purchases (equivalent to \$20,000 or more) of francs and stash them in Swiss banks will have to pay negative interest—in effect, a penalty—at a painful annual rate of 40%.

The Swiss are upset because the franc's dramatic rise is increasing the cost of Swiss goods and services to outsiders and thus endangering the export and tourist industries that account for

THE SOARING SWISS FRANC

% change against the U.S. dollar
from May 1970 exchange rates



TIME Chart / The Chartmakers Inc.

40% of the country's gross national product. In part the upward march of the franc—and other currencies—against the dollar reflects a continuing uneasiness about the strength of the U.S. economy that backs it. The main cause of the franc's extraordinary rise, however, seems to have been some heavy purchases of Swiss francs in the past few months by Middle East governments trying to diversify their currency holdings. Those purchases have prompted many speculators to sell greenbacks and buy francs in the belief that they will profit later when more oil money floods into Switzerland and pushes the value of Swiss currency even higher. Even now, says one unhappy Swiss bank economist, "there is a flood of petrodollars waiting at the gate."

INVESTMENT

A Local Arab Banker?

When an outsider moves to take control of a long-established local business, the process can be about as amicable as a custody fight in family court. Right now, two modest-sized U.S. banks, one in San Jose, Calif., the other in Pontiac, Mich., each with assets in the \$300 million range, are embroiled in takeover proceedings that are even more acrimonious than usual. The reason: in both cases, the would-be investors are Arab nationals—the forerunners, as some impassioned local citizens see them, of a full-scale economic invasion by Middle East oil sheiks.

As it happens, Saudi Arabian Entrepreneur Adnan M. Khashoggi, 39, who has offered \$14 million for a controlling one-third interest in San Jose's First National Bank, derives his millions not from oil but from a worldwide conglomerate which deals in real estate, autos and the construction of military installations in Saudi Arabia. Khashoggi, whose father was personal physician to the late King Saud, was educated at a California college (Chico State) in the 1950s, and already controls two local banks in the state. But he was prepared for trouble when he made his bid in November for 650,000 new shares of First National. Khashoggi offered to waive his dividends for the first quarter so as not to dilute those of other investors, promised not to bid for additional shares for half a year and vowed to shun any management role.

To no avail. Khashoggi's offer met immediate opposition. Local Jewish merchants briefly—but pointedly—considered boycotting the bank. A few depositors huffily shifted their accounts to rival banks. Fairly typically, a liquor-store owner said: "It worries me that with all those petrodollars, the Arabs will come in and buy us all up."

On the Cheap. Nine of the 14 directors who voted endorsed the proposition, but the deal must be approved this week by the shareholders. Two dissident directors mobilized stockholder opposition by spreading word that a big new stock issue would shrink earnings per share, depressing market values and paving the way for Khashoggi to scoop up more stock on the cheap. Khashoggi, in turn, filed suit against one director for alleged securities-law violations and protested that he was being victimized by a few "individual fanatics." As the vote approached, both the Saudi and his opponents tried to cool the atmosphere. The dissidents conceded that Arab investment in U.S. companies could be beneficial—"under appropriate circumstances"—and Khashoggi sent the shareholders a letter declaring his desire "to build new bridges of understanding between Saudi Arabians and

Americans." The betting at week's end was that his bid would be approved.

The outlook is cloudier in Michigan. A nearly unanimous board of directors of Pontiac's Community National Bank is working hard to thwart a tender offer by Ahmad C. Sarakbi, 45, for 50.1% of the bank's shares. A wealthy Lebanese oil broker, Sarakbi is supported by a former chairman of the bank who deplores its present management policies, and a lone director who has been feuding with his colleagues. Sarakbi insists he is acting completely on his own, but Community National directors worry that he could be acting for larger non-government Middle East oil interests looking for investment openings.

In desperation, the directors have accepted a counteroffer to be absorbed into a larger bank-holding company, but Sarakbi already holds enough tendered shares to block that deal when it comes to a stockholders' vote. So Community National officials are now seeking a permanent court injunction barring Sarakbi from buying any shares tendered. Bankers on Detroit's Fort Street, all too conscious of their own vulnerability, are fearful that the Arab might come up the winner.

Flowing Surpluses. The two episodes differ quite sharply, of course. Khashoggi is a veteran absentee investor in California banks; Sarakbi has no banking experience and has declared his

intention that Community National "would serve as a liaison between Pontiac and the Middle East." Yet both deals amply demonstrate the kind of wrenching problems, emotional as well as economic, that many communities will be grappling with when oil-country surpluses begin to flow heavily into the U.S. in the form of investments in property and businesses, big and small. In fact, Americans will simply be experiencing what people in other lands learned to live with long ago. Says a San Jose physician: "Now I understand why nationals of other countries have resented American investments in their corporations." For better or worse, the sandal is clearly on the other foot.

EYECATCHERS

Polaroid's New Picture

For years, Polaroid Corp. staffers wondered when Founder Edwin Land, 65, would start giving up some of the titles that he had held for 38 years: chairman, president, director of research. In a surprise move, the inventor-autocrat last week handed one of his jobs, the presidency, to William McCune Jr., 59, Polaroid's executive vice president and, since the founding of the company in 1937, its senior engineer. The surprise was not merely that Land finally anointed a possible successor, but also that McCune's new job did not go to General Manager Thomas Wyman, 45. A sales and administrative whiz who came to Polaroid ten years ago from the Nestlé Co., Wyman had been widely regarded as the heir apparent. But just before McCune's promotion was announced, Wyman quit to accept the president's job at the Green Giant food company in Le Sueur, Minn. Wyman denied strenuously that he had had a falling out with Land, but he was clearly tired of waiting. The attraction of Green Giant, he explains, "really is a matter of running something myself."

McCune, who is amiable, relaxed and a more than occasional skier, does not have much of a background as a manager despite his many years at Polaroid. An M.I.T.-trained engineer, he helped Land develop the first instant-picture camera in the 1940s. Lately his main job has been to work out the problems that still bedevil production of the SX-70, Polaroid's revolutionary instant-color camera, and have cut deeply into the company's earnings. Unlike Wyman, McCune is not the sort to chafe at Land's tight grip. He has said in the past that he accepts Land's managerial motto: "You can do anything you want to—as long as you do what I want."



WILLIAM MCCUNE

Bye, Bye, WEO

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. has had a hard time living up to its name lately. Having closed down unprofitable operations on the West Coast, the U.S.'s largest food chain (3,500 stores) now reaches no closer to the Pacific than Kansas City. There has been nothing great, moreover, about A. & P.'s financial performance. Saddled with too many small or poorly located stores, the company in 1972 gambled on a discount-pricing program known as WEO (for Where Economy Originates) to win more customers, and ended up with a \$51 million loss that fiscal year. Earnings have been in the black since then, but sales growth has been slow. Safeway Stores, with only two-thirds as many outlets as A. & P., last year supplanted it as the biggest-selling grocer.

Many of A. & P.'s problems have been attributed to the conservatism of an inbred management; top officers have always come up through the A. & P. ranks. But this week a youthful outsider takes over as A. & P.'s chairman. He is Jonathan Scott, 44, an informal Idaho-born six-footer who until last month was head of Albertson's, Inc., a Boise-based supermarket chain.

Scott joined Albertson's as a trainee in 1953 after marrying the boss's daughter, and rose to executive vice president six years later; he proved so able that even after his marriage broke up, his ex-father-in-law made him vice chairman and chief executive officer. Scott wants to improve A. & P.'s "slipping image" among shoppers, partly by building many new stores. He will probably ditch the WEO slogan, which he does not like, but still keep markups low. Yet he also hopes to lift A. & P.'s profit margin,



JONATHAN SCOTT

which now hovers at less than half its traditional level of 1¢ on every dollar. Scott reckons that earnings should start to improve within a year. Just to play safe, however, he asked for—and got—a five-year contract.

Flanigan's Return

When he left Wall Street in 1969 to become Richard Nixon's White House liaison with big business, one of the things that Peter M. Flanigan

left behind was a vice presidency at Dillon, Read & Co. Last week Flanigan, 51, returned to his old firm, this time as one of nine managing directors and a member of the five-man executive committee that runs what is generally ranked among the most influential international investment-banking houses.

Nixon's smooth but hard-nosed millionaire special assistant had been job hunting since he resigned last June. For a time it seemed that Flanigan might be U.S. ambassador to Spain, but the Senate Foreign Relations Committee let his nomination die. The Senators were reluctant to hand a diplomatic plum to a Nixon aide who had had at least a passing involvement in the Administration's marketing of ambassadorships. During a House hearing in July, Nixon's lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, recalled being told by Flanigan to get in touch with a department-store millionairess, Ruth Farkas, because "she is interested in giving \$250,000 for Costa Rica."

Flanigan plans to spend much of his time on his old specialty, international banking, and its new focus, the Middle East oil countries. "They certainly have the money," he says, "and our job is to put together those who have it with those who can use it."



PETER FLANIGAN



CHINA/COVER STORY

A Victory for Chou—and

For months last year he was battered by a savage campaign of vilification. He grew gaunt, pallid, tense. In May, he checked into a Peking hospital, rumored to be suffering from a heart attack. Except for an occasional brief visit by a foreign dignitary, almost nothing was heard from him; only twice did he venture from his hospital sanctuary, and then for short, if theatrical, appearances at state banquets. Analysts in the West wondered if the combination of political and physical illness might not spell the end of a long and illustrious career. Yet for all the apparent setbacks, China's urbane, unbreakable Premier Chou En-lai last week was savoring what was indisputably one of the greatest triumphs of his life.

As with so much of Chou's career, the circumstances surrounding his latest feat were extraordinary. Chou stage-managed his victory not from his usual office in Chungnanhai, Peking's government quarter, but from his hospital suite. Suddenly and unexpectedly, he emerged from seclusion to preside over the first meeting in ten years of the National People's Congress, China's highest parliamentary body. Held two weeks ago in absolute secrecy at Peking's Great Hall of the People, the congress ratified a series of decisions that had been made in equal secrecy at a plenary meeting of the Communist Party's Central Committee. As speeches, documents and lists of names fell into the hands of foreign analysts last week, the significance of the meetings became clear. Though the People's Congress is little more than a rubber stamp for Communist Party policies, its decisions served notice that China's often factious leaders have achieved greater unanimity on the country's course and objectives than at any time in nearly ten years. The congress also confirmed that, the Promethean figure of Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung notwithstanding, the 1970s have become the era of Chou En-lai.

Old Guard. It is not simply that Chou at age 76 was reconfirmed as Premier, a post he has held since the People's Republic was founded on Oct. 1, 1949. What is more notable is that barring an abrupt and unforeseen reversal, Chou has set China on a pronounced turn toward moderation and stability. It is a turn away from experimentalism and toward normalcy; away from the radicals of the Cultural Revolution, which raged from 1966 until 1969, and toward the old guard, whose members

had been rudely and often violently ousted from power during that period.

The restoration of the older revolutionaries was in many ways just and fitting. After all, it was they who galvanized one-quarter of humanity into the most monumental political movement in history. It was they who nurtured Chinese society from a devastated, war-weary, disunited shambles into a major—and soon a mighty—world power that is already both a member of the nuclear club and an exporter of oil. And it was they who, as Chou recently put it, “have succeeded in ensuring the people their basic needs in food and clothing”—an achievement that none of the world's other massive, overpopulated agricultural nations can quite match.

Hard Life. And for all those achievements, for all China's gossamer promise of developing into one of the most prodigious markets of all time, the country today remains, as Chou likes to say, a poor, backward state. Despite the impressive statistics of economic performance (see *chart page 24*), China's \$105 billion G.N.P. remains far below that of Italy, a country with roughly 7% of China's population of 800 million.

Though life for the average person is spare and hard by any standard, the benefits as well as the hardships of China's progress have been distributed with a minimum of inequality. The average factory worker makes a meager \$28 a month; the average peasant living on a commune about half that. Essentials, like food, medicine and housing, cost next to nothing and, to the envy of the rest of the world, have not increased in price in 20 years; yet “luxury” items, such as bicycles or radios, can soak up months of savings. The average urban worker is likely to: live in a drab, two-room unit in a massive, slate-gray apartment complex; work a 48-hour week; spend his Sunday picnicking in one of China's shady parks; pass his evenings in a workers' cultural palace watching a variety show (full of revolutionary songs and skits), learning a musical instrument, or playing Ping-Pong.

In rural areas, where 80% of the people still live, the routine is more casual and relaxed than in the city, but also far more spartan. Privacy, though still at a premium, is easier. It is in the countryside, too, where many of China's traditional values persist: sons are valued over daughters, and ancestor worship, though rapidly diminishing, survives. A peasant, if his family desires, can be given an old-style funeral procession, including mourning garments for the rel-

STATUE OF MAO IN SHANGHAI

Moderation

atives—even though the party has tried to encourage simple cremations.

Clearly, this is not yet a picture worthy of a major economic power, and China has far more grandiose goals. Looking beyond Mao's China, Chou En-lai vows that before the end of this century, the "modernization of agriculture, industry, national defense, science and technology" will put his country "in the front ranks of the world."

In view of the immense distance that China has traveled in its first quarter-century under Communist rule, nobody could dismiss out of hand its chances of achieving Chou's goal. Nonetheless, China also has a way of lurching unpredictably from stability to turbulence and back again (see box page 29). Despite the present hopeful signs, few Sinologists are willing to bet their reputations on a really long interlude of tranquility.

Much of the country's unpredictability owes to the mercurial personality of Chairman Mao. He is a romantic revolutionary who has an unsettling habit of turning China topsy-turvy every once in a while to prevent bureaucratic ossification and ensure the vitality of what he terms "continuing revolution." Bent on "sweeping up the ghosts and monsters" of privilege and hierarchy, he may order his ministers out to dig irrigation ditches or even launch a campaign like the Cultural Revolution, which convulsed his huge country for three years.

Tugs and Pulls. Another destabilizing element is China's radicals, who, despite the apparent strength of Chou and his fellow moderates, have unexpectedly surged to power before and could do so again. "These things in China have never been total and final victories," says Ezra Vogel, director of Harvard's East Asian Research Center. "They are tugs and pulls; this time it looks like a tug on the side of Chou." A crucial death or a sign of weakness in the ranks of the moderates could lead the radicals once again to reach for power.

Despite the dangers confronting the moderates, however, they seem well positioned to endure just such a test. An important measure of their strength is the fact that the 29 ministers appointed to the State Council, China's Cabinet, are overwhelmingly pre-Cultural Revolution bureaucrats or men personally close to Chou. The Premier's old wartime buddy Yeh Chien-ying, 76, moved into the crucial post of Defense Minister. Another oldtimer and Chou crony, Li Hsien-nien, 67, will oversee finance and trade. Teng Hsiao-ping, 70, resurrected

from Cultural Revolutionary disgrace 21 months ago by Chou, presumably with Mao's approval, continued his astonishing comeback. He became the first of Chou's twelve Vice Premiers as well as one of six Vice Chairmen of the Communist Party. The sole official to be elevated both in the ranks of the government and the party, he has emerged as the heir apparent to Chou—at least for now (see box page 30).

Unrivaled Adroitness. By contrast, the radical leaders got only one ministerial post: Opera Composer Yu Hui-yung (*Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*) was named Minister of Culture. None of the leading members of the leftist faction, like Mao's flamboyant wife Chiang Ching or her ally Yao Wen-yuan, moved upward in either the government or the party.

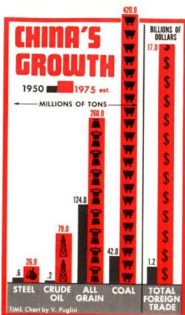
Even Chang Chun-chiao, an erstwhile member of the radicals' Shanghai bastion, seemed converted to the moderate side, an apostasy that many China watchers have suspected for months. There was an odd juxtaposition in the speeches released last week that were delivered to the Congress by Chou and Chang. Chou, the quintessential moderate, gave a report replete with leftist catch phrases and praise for the Cultural Revolution and the "socialist newborn things"; the supposedly radical Chang, meanwhile, steered clear of leftist slogans and instead emphasized the need for "both discipline and freedom." It was a superb illustration not only of the sinuous complexity of Chinese politics but also of Chou's unrivaled adroitness at bargaining and compromise.

To be sure, Chou has needed every bit of that adroitness to survive for some four decades as chief of staff to a notoriously headstrong, frequently whimsical and incontestably brilliant commander. More than once, Mao has set Sinologists to puzzling over a sudden switch in policy or a seemingly inexplicable action. Last week he had them at it again. Why had he been absent from both the Central Committee plenum and the Congress? "I did a double take when I read the communiqué—the lack of Mao was so striking," said one senior U.S. Government analyst. "We are so used to the dominance of Chairman Mao, and then suddenly he is absent."

By and large, China watchers reject the two most extreme theories about Mao's absence. One is that he disapproved of the policies endorsed at the two conclaves—the "sulking in the tent" theory. The other is that he is desperately ill and has actually been thrust aside—the "vegetable God" theory. Mao at 81 has appeared drawn and fragile in recent photographs, but during the Central Committee plenum, he was well



CHOU EN-LAI IN PEKING (1973)



enough to receive Prime Minister Dom Mintoff of Malta in Changsha, capital of his native Hunan province; while the People's Congress was in session, he met with West German Political Leader Franz Josef Strauss. It is one thing, however, for Mao to chat for short periods with visiting dignitaries, but quite another to sit through days of intensive political discussion in Peking.

The most likely explanation was what Sinologists were calling the "fairy caves" theory: that Mao has withdrawn from day-to-day affairs to ponder China's future. Twice before Mao removed himself from the political battlefield: in the late 1950s, when his Great Leap For-

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ward was proving to be a ghastly blunder backward; and in the mid-1960s, when he feared that bureaucracy would strangle the revolution and he retired to plan the Cultural Revolution.

Says University of Michigan Political Scientist Michel Oksenberg: "It's very much in keeping with Mao's style to withdraw upon occasion for a period of quiescence, realizing that the overall forces in China are such that a period of unity is called for and that even his presence is not particularly helpful for that." Of course, it is conceivable that in the coming months Mao might register dissatisfaction with recent events. But it seems more likely that his absence is a voluntary move by a man who, despite his treatment as a living god, has had some unsettling intimations of mortality. "I think he has approved a kind of succession," says Oksenberg, "realizing that ultimately his own success depends on the nature of the leadership that comes after him."

Outgoing Stance. Moreover, Mao has approved many of the initiatives taken by Chou since his loyal Premier began turning China toward moderation. In foreign affairs, for example, Mao has emphatically sanctioned Chou's outgoing stance by meeting with the numerous foreign leaders who have paraded to Peking, including old enemies like Richard Nixon. Without Mao's blessing, it would have been impossible for Chou to batter down the walls that kept China closed to most outsiders for two decades. China now has formal diplomatic relations with 100 countries and trade links with nearly 150.

Equally important, Mao raised no protest when Chou backed off from China's clamorous, if usually mostly vocal support of revolution around the world.

True, at the Congress, Chou did mouth a few obligatory phrases to the effect that U.S.-Soviet rivalry "is bound to lead to world war" and that "disorder under heaven" was good for the cause of world revolution. But he also stressed China's closeness to the Third World and vilified the Soviets for having "betrayed Marxism-Leninism, conducted subversive activities, and even provoked armed conflicts on the border." He assured the congress delegates, however, that relations with the U.S. had "improved to some extent." Last week, back in his hospital suite, Chou pointedly advised visiting Japanese Legislator Shigeru Hori that Japan should continue its close collaboration with the U.S., while keeping Moscow at traditional arm's length.

In domestic affairs, too, Chou has been careful to fashion programs that Mao could live with. The new constitution, approved by the People's Congress and made public last week, enshrines such Maoist precepts as the "theory of permanent revolution." Far shorter and more succinct than the cumbersome, 106-article 1954 version, the new 30-article constitution confirms the wall posters that flourished during the Cultural Revolution as a new form of "carrying on the socialist revolution." In a passage reminiscent of the U.S. Bill of Rights, it guarantees "freedom of speech, correspondence, the press, assembly, association, procession, demonstration and the freedom to strike." Precisely what the last phrase will mean to China's workers remains to be seen, however. The new charter also permits religious worship and, more characteristically, "freedom not to believe in religion and to propagate atheism."

Private Plots. In some ways, however, the constitution also contains some features that seem to contradict traditional Maoist ideas. It allows the Chinese to engage in private labor as long as it involves "no exploitation of others." It also guarantees peasants the right to maintain the private plots that Mao briefly abolished during the Great Leap Forward. Chang Chun-chiao feebly told the People's Congress that the private plots provided "necessary flexibility." But clearly the Chinese have simply had to acknowledge that for all of Mao's homilies about creating a totally selfless new breed of man, some incentives are indispensable.

Mao himself may have approved of these deviations because of changed circumstances. Since the Cultural Revolution, when he last played a genuinely active, visible role on China's political stage, there have been many signs of change. Recent visitors to China have noted that, compared with 1972, the country is far quieter and more relaxed. The once ubiquitous Mao buttons and portraits of the Chairman are not seen nearly so often as they were just two years ago. The famed *Little Red Book* of Mao quotations has virtually disappeared, and Mao himself has denounced

STUDENT DIGGING CIVIL DEFENSE TUNNEL ON SCHOOL GROUNDS IN PEKING



AP/WIDEWORLD



PHOTO—TERRY O'NEILL

HARVEY BERLIN

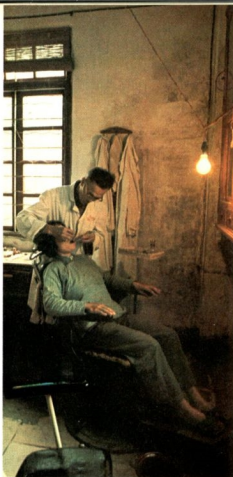


Top: Producing steel at a plant in Suchow. Bottom: Communal housing in Sian.



Top: Members of Tachai Commune Production Brigade building aqueduct in Shanxi province. Above: Shanghai primary-school pupils assembling boxes for packing light bulbs manufactured by their mothers in nearby factory. Right: Section of Shanghai built by foreigners before World War II.





Left: Patient being treated at commune's dental office in Chin-hua. Below: Hang-chow high school students performing. Bottom: Anti-Confucius rally at Sian Municipal May Seventh Cadre School near Yen-an during recent ideological campaign.





Top: Chinese People's Liberation Army soldiers stationed at the China-Nepal border. Farmer cultivating rice near Hangchow.

the personality cult that surrounded him as a sinister trick of his late, disgraced Defense Minister Lin Biao.

The evidence is that in his final days, Mao, with the ready assent of the versatile Chou, feels the need to bring more stable patterns to China and abandon—or at least temper—the rash experiments and the tumultuous campaigns for ideological purity. In true pragmatic style, Chou appears to be blocking out a program that will incorporate those things that have worked well as Mao sought, first one way and then another, to build a modern industrial state without at the same time creating a privileged technocratic elite.

Under Chou's tutelage during the past several years, China has adopted many of the radical innovations of the Cultural Revolution—with mixed results. For example, the May Seventh Cadre Schools, where officials went for 14-week sessions to be cleansed of bureaucratic, "commandistic" habits, have become a regular part of Chinese life. There are hundreds of them across the country, but they are no longer revolutionary shock-therapy centers so much as routine training camps. Similarly, in higher education, the impact of the Cultural Revolution is still pervasive. Only 167,000, or 1.5% of middle school graduates are admitted to universities (v. 1.5 million, or 50%, in the U.S.), and all must be approved by committees of peasants and workers, who are often not kindly disposed toward children with middle-class backgrounds.

In factories, workers are still encouraged to make technological improvements; technicians are recruited from the workshops and trained in factory schools. More than 1 million "barefoot doctors," so called to symbolize the once primitive nature of their job and equipment, are at work in the countryside. Another creation of the Cultural Revolution, they staff small production team clinics and seek to provide minimum care for everyone, rather than focus limited medical resources on expensive urban facilities.

Educated Youths. Also in the countryside, as Chou noted at the People's Congress, are 10 million young people raised and educated in the cities. Most of them are students graduating from middle school, the rough equivalent in nine years of an American high school. They are required to do productive labor for at least two years before they can go on to universities. They constitute one of the largest migrations in history. The ostensible object of sending these hordes of educated youths to the countryside is to bring urban skills and culture to rural areas. The unspoken reason for this mandatory rustication is that there are more youths in the cities than jobs and there is always need for labor in the countryside.

Although the rustication movement is well suited to China's goals, it has caused a number of acute problems. Un-

Turbulent Saga of Uneven Progress

Fitful starts and stops have marked China's quarter-century under Communism. Pragmatism has repeatedly clashed with ideology to produce a record of uneven economic and political development. The highlights:

THE CONSOLIDATION of Communist control and rebuilding the war-torn country were Mao's top priorities after the 1949 defeat of the Nationalists. A totalitarian society emerged as the Communists gained control of almost every aspect of political, economic, cultural and even family life. The private economic sector was eliminated; banks, industry and trade were nationalized; forced collectivization of the farms cost the lives of at least 1 million landlords and other "enemies of the people." A five-year plan supported by Soviet loans and technical aid emphasized heavy industry.

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD nearly destroyed the gains of the previous decade. Launched in 1958 by Mao, the Leap was intended to skip several stages in building a Communist society and make China the economic equal of Britain within 15 years. Seeking to mobilize surplus rural labor for industrial tasks, Mao ordered half a billion peasants herded into huge communes. Economic planning was decentralized, as was industry. For example, despite their inefficiency, small iron smelters were constructed in backyards. The program had some successes: reservoirs, railways, hydroelectric plants and canals were built. Yet the Great Leap wasted enormous resources and disastrously lowered productivity, ushering in the harsh economic recession and poor agricultural yields of the early 1960s. Kremlin denunciation of the Leap for not imitating the Soviet model and the withdrawal of Russian technicians from China climaxed in the Moscow-Peking rift in 1960.

RETRENCHMENT was essential. Economic order had to be restored and food production increased. Peasants, after working the required time on commune lands, were again permitted to cultivate private plots—an admission that economic incentive was still more effective than ideological exhortation. Mao resigned as head of state in favor of Liu Shao-chi (but remained Communist Party chairman). For the next half a dozen years an elite of bureaucrats, planners and pragmatists was ascendant. Ideology became secondary; priority was given to the skills needed for industrial growth.

THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL REVOLUTION, which swept China from May 1966 to April 1969, was Mao's offensive against the new elite. His chief weapon: China's youth. Huge posters denouncing pragmatic leaders such as Liu and Teng Hsiao-ping plastered walls; they and thousands of others were forced to resign in disgrace; millions of people paraded waving little red books containing quotations from Chairman Mao. The movement careened out of control. Exhorted by Mao to "learn revolution by making revolution," the youthful Red Guard attacked "old customs" and destroyed ancient art and cultural works. Rallies replaced work; schools and universities closed. Mao



RED GUARDS WAVING MAO BOOK (1966)

had to turn to the army, led by Defense Minister Lin Biao, to re-establish order.

A STRUGGLE FOR COMMAND followed the Cultural Revolution. One protagonist was Lin, who had been designated as Mao's heir in April 1969. For still unexplained reasons, Lin apparently plotted to kill Mao in 1971; the coup was uncovered and—according to an official Peking statement—Lin was killed in an air crash during his attempt to escape to the Soviet Union. Meanwhile, many pragmatists were gradually reinstated to government and party posts. They were attacked by the radical left during a 1974 thought-purification campaign ostensibly directed against Lin and the ideas of Confucius. It now appears that the pragmatists have weathered the campaign—at least for the moment.

THE WORLD

used to the rigors of farm life, the young people often prove incapable of adjusting. In addition, many farmers are contemptuous of the soft city kids, who in turn view the peasants as hopeless *tu pao-tzu* (country bumpkins). More often than not, the result has been mutual isolation, incomprehension and worse—occasional beatings or rape incidents. Though Peking has become sufficiently aware of the problem to send advisory teams to boost morale and investigate complaints, countless youths go AWOL from the communes. Many refugees in Hong Kong are ex-students who braved a nine-hour swim through tightly patrolled waters to escape rural drudgery. Even more of the youths simply drift back to their native cities; without ration tickets to buy rice, they are forced to live underground, often stealing in order to survive.

The rigorous demands of the revolution have created other social distortions. Work often separates urban husbands and wives for long periods of time, which may be responsible for the revival

of prostitution; isolated instances have been observed by visitors to cities like Canton and Shanghai. The attachment still shown by workers to those material incentives that Mao hates so fiercely is also bothersome to leftist ideologues, but less so to Chou's technocrats. Intelligence reports from Wuhan have recently told of labor disruptions by industrial workers demanding higher wages. Politburo Member Wang Hungwen last year complained of some workers: "They want to reintroduce payment by the hour and premiums. Then what was the revolution for?"

Disappointing Year. The greatest problem that Chou's new State Council will face, in fact, is in this very area: the economy. Despite its vast resources and a populace that is still remarkably well disciplined, China had a disappointing year in 1974. *The People's Daily*, whose New Year's editorial customarily lists economic advances at great length, limited itself this year to a terse one-sentence description: "The total value of industrial and agricultural

output shows a fresh increase over the 1973 period." Secret Central Committee documents, released by Taiwanese intelligence but considered authentic by U.S. analysts, admit that production drops occurred in key industries. Coal mining was a drastic 8.35 million tons behind the planned target, and, as the document put it, other cuts in production have "dragged the feet of the entire nation."

Part of the problem was certainly the chaos caused by the campaign to criticize Confucius and Lin Piao—and by sly indirection, Chou En-lai—that peaked last year. Mass meetings, rallies and indoctrination sessions took workers away from production. According to the secret documents, workers made wage demands under the cloak of political grievances, and a number of cadres left their jobs to avoid getting involved.

Another problem is worldwide inflation. The Chinese have not been hit nearly as hard as most industrial nations and have, as Chou boasts, enjoyed

Most Likely to Succeed

For nearly a half-century now, Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai have loomed large on the world's stage. Who will eventually replace them?

Occupying prominent front-row seats on the rostrum at the recent National People's Congress were sixteen Chinese leaders, any one of whom could one day rule their country. They are the *je-hsin*—the Chinese expression for the ambitious, the zealous, the hot-hearted. Most likely to succeed: the diminutive (5 ft.) Teng Hsiao-ping, 70, who has achieved the most spectacular political comeback in Communist China's history. The congress named him first among Chou's twelve Vice Premiers, just two days after the Central Committee had made him a Vice Chairman of the Communist Party. This adds significantly to the power Teng acquired last year when he again became a member of the Politburo. Except for Chou, no one else holds such an influential combination of state and party posts. Yet only 21 months ago,

Teng was in oblivion. Denounced by the Cultural Revolution's Red Guards in 1966 as the "No. 2 capitalist roader," he was forced to give up his duties as Vice Premier and General Secretary of the party. He was reduced from one of the half a dozen or so most important figures in China to a non-person.

Teng suddenly reappeared in April 1973 as a Vice Premier. He has since been photographed with Mao, sat in for Chou at a dozen or so state banquets for foreign dignitaries, and last year led the Chinese delegation to Manhattan for a U.N. special session on raw materials.

After his return to power, Teng at first seemed unsure of himself. During meetings with foreigners he perched on the edge of his chair (a traditional Chinese sign of subservience), speaking quietly and only when spoken to. In recent months, all that has changed. Visitors have observed Teng lounging casually and sounding off in extremely earthy language. His quip that the U.S. is a "fat man" who is gradually being "carved up by the Soviets" has been repeated all over China.

During a discussion last November with a delegation of U.S. university presidents, notes Boston University Sinologist Merle Goldman, "He seemed to be totally in control, saying anything he wanted." He described himself as a product of "the university of life, and that university has no date of graduation." Then Teng startled his guests by adding: "The day I meet God is when I will graduate, but who knows what grades I will get from God?" Later, the delegation's Chinese translator pointedly emphasized that "Mr. Teng might see God, but the rest of us are going to see Marx."

Throughout his career, Teng has shown little respect for ideology. "It does not matter whether a cat is black or white," he has said, "so long as it catches mice." This irreverent pragmatism has earned him the hatred of the radicals. Yet even his critics acknowledge his intelligence and ability as a skillful administrator; he is credited with having helped restore



YE CHIEN-YING (LEFT)

TENG HSIAO-PING WITH HENRY KISSINGER IN NEW YORK (1974)



"stable prices." Two years ago, Peking began to purchase whole industrial plants from Japan and Western Europe, mostly to produce badly needed fertilizer. As the buying spree went on into 1973, the Chinese ended up with a modest trade deficit of \$80 million. Swallowing a longstanding aversion to taking credit, Peking had to accept what were euphemistically called "deferred payments" to finance the purchases. Now the foreign trade deficit has leaped forward to an estimated \$750 million for 1974; this has forced the Chinese to postpone the receipt of goods that they had agreed to buy from Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the U.S.

The key to the economy is agriculture. China makes large grain purchases abroad because it is more economical to import some grain for coastal regions than ship it from the remote interior, but the People's Republic is self-sufficient in food. With 16 million new mouths to feed each year, however, it currently uses up at least half of its an-

nual 4% increase in grain production just to keep pace with the population growth. Not bad—but not good, either, particularly since Peking needs an agriculture surplus to gain foreign exchange (through exports), which it needs in turn to finance the building of a broader industrial base.

Oil Exporter. Thus, in making the crucial decisions about how to allocate the precious state budget, Peking is likely to give priority to agriculture and light industry at the expense of heavy industry and weapons development. The emphasis on military hardware is an indirect benefit of the easing of tensions with the U.S.; improved relations with Washington have led the Chinese to feel that the Soviets are less likely to attack them.

China scored an important economic leap forward in 1973 by making the heady transition from oil importer to oil exporter. China is not the Far East's Saudi Arabia. But with proven reserves in the 20 billion bbl. range (v. 132 billion for the Saudis, 35.3 billion for the

U.S.), Peking expects oil eventually to become China's principal foreign exchange earner. Like other oil exporters, China will be able to benefit politically. In 1974 Peking exported some 30.5 million bbl. of crude (up 430% over 1973) to Japan, earning \$442 million; the reason was not only to earn foreign currency but to dissuade Japan from its plans to exploit Siberian gas fields.

Success with the economy, of course, will depend on political stability. Premier Chou will have to find a way to satisfy growing demands from workers without unduly arousing leftists, who are worried about maintaining ideological purity. Fortunately, Chou's forte is precisely that sort of political tightrope walk. He has survived not only 25 years as Premier of the People's Republic, but has lasted 47 years as a member of the Politburo of China's Communist Party. He thus boasts a longer period of continuous pre-eminence than any other man, including Mao.

Chou has endured by being able to wield great power without giving the ap-

China's economy after the Great Leap Forward.

Teng is thought to support Chou's policy of improved relations with the U.S. and has emphasized that "it is the Soviet Union that is China's enemy." Although some Western experts argue that Teng is overrated and that his power depends almost completely on Chou's patronage, most feel that if Chou's health should deteriorate further, Teng will be the front runner for the premiership; if a collective leadership should follow Mao's meeting with Karl Marx, Teng

will almost certainly be a major participant.

Teng's most formidable rival appears to be Politburo Member Chang Chun-chiao, 64. Not only has Chang just been made Second Vice Premier, but he was also given the symbolically important task of presenting the new constitution to the congress.

Chang used his position as editor of Shanghai's *Liberation Daily* to back the Cultural Revolution. As head of Shanghai's Communist Party (in effect, mayor of China's biggest and most industrialized city) from 1968 until last year, however, he grew increasingly pragmatic. He may play a key role in bridging differences between radicals and moderates.

Chang shares with Teng the day-to-day running of China. He is also thought to be the *de facto* General Secretary of the party—the position Teng once held.

Other possible, though less likely contenders:

► Yeh Chien-ying, 76, the new Minister of Defense (a post that had been vacant since the death of Lin Piao in 1971). A member of the Communist Party since 1927, Yeh drafted the military plan for Mao's legendary Long March. Though he is a grizzled old soldier, he shares the firmly held belief of Mao and Chou that the army must always be subordinate to the Communist Party. Yeh once told Henry Kissinger that he had never dreamed that the Chinese revolution would come so far. Although Yeh's advanced age is an obstacle, he too could go farther than he ever dreamed—as head of a caretaker regime.

► Chiang Ching, 60, the onetime movie actress and Mao's fourth wife, is the most prominent of the radicals who rocketed to power during the Cultural Revolution. Many have long regarded her as a leading candidate to succeed her husband. From her seat on the Politburo, she has wielded considerable power and was probably a major sponsor of the anti-Confucius campaign. But the military distrusts her, and the moderates hate her vengefulness and capriciousness. In China's current sober climate, Chiang Ching has become the butt of salacious jokes and comparisons with the notorious 7th century Empress Dowager Wu. At the recent congress she not only was denied the Ministry of Culture, which she coveted, but according to all reports did not address the delegates. When Mao dies, his wife's political power may expire with him, although she may continue to play some public role.

► Wang Hung-wen, 39, in theory has been the No. 3 man since his meteoric rise in August 1973, when he was suddenly named to the Politburo, made a Vice Chairman, and listed just below Mao and Chou. Not much has been seen of Wang since; he made no public statement during the anti-Confucius campaign. A committed radical and protégé of Mme. Mao, he may feel that a low profile is the best policy for survival at this time. He played no role at the People's Congress and was given no government post. Nonetheless, Wang retains his powerful position in the party; his good looks, humble background, lack of college education and magnetism make him popular with China's big labor groups and—perhaps most important—with Mao. And with his youth, Wang can afford to wait a long, long time.



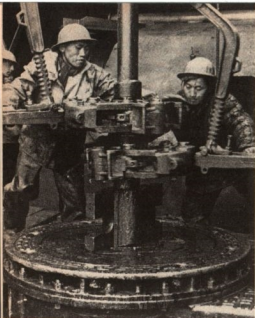
WANG HUNG-WEN IN PEKING



CHANG CHUN-CHIAO



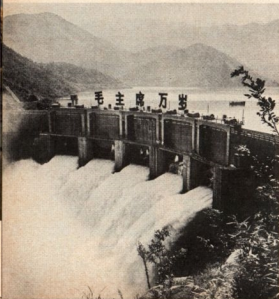
CHIANG CHING



WORKERS AT TACHING OIL FIELDS



GRAIN DRYING IN KWANGTUNG PROVINCE



THE WORLD

pearance of actively seeking it. Moreover, his talents have always meshed well with those of the willful, romantic Mao, who has directed his genius at broad theoretical problems rather than the administrative details at which Chou excels. The pattern was first established during the Long March in 1934 when Chou, who theoretically outranked Mao in the party hierarchy, deferred to the future Great Helmsman in a dispute over military strategy.

Low Profile. Chou survived the Long March only by being carried for much of the last 1,000 miles on a stretcher. Later, during the fragile Kuomintang-Communist cease-fire of the war years, he served—with new Defense Minister Yeh Chien-ying as his deputy—as Communist liaison in China's wartime capital of Chungking. After the Communist seizure of power in 1949, Chou began building the state bureaucracy, traveling abroad, officiating at countless party meetings, mass organizations and the State Council. Most important for his survival, he knew how to maintain a low profile whenever Mao swung China violently leftward. These were dangerous periods for the country's pragmatists, who were vulnerable to the charge of lacking revolutionary ardor. When the radical mood had spent itself and the need for retrenchment became obvious, it was always Chou, with his unparalleled administrative skills and the allegiance of the party bureaucracy, who oversaw the return to normalcy.

Chou never made the fatal mistake of actively opposing Mao. When the Great Leap stumbled, it was Chou—not the Great Helmsman—who accepted the blame. During the hectic years of the Cultural Revolution, he went along to Red Guard rallies but when the situation became more unstable than even Mao had envisioned, Chou quietly saw to it that the nation's key scientists were not obstructed or development projects devastated by the rampaging Red Guards. At one point, Chou's own offices were besieged for two days by a mob of frenzied youths who described him as the "rotten boss of the bourgeoisie, toying ambidextrously with counter-revolution." By allying himself with powerful military commanders, Chou rendered himself immune against attacks by the Cultural Revolution's leaders.

Chou also remained in the background after 1969, when Lin Biao was moving to enlarge his power. Last year, when his program of pragmatic economic policies and his rehabilitation of formerly disgraced bureaucrats came under radical assault, he once again assumed a low profile. The ideological campaign to discredit Confucius and Lin Biao was used by radicals like Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan to attack the Premier, obliquely but unmistakably.

Among other things, the campaign implicitly sliced at Chou by accusing Confucius of having "called to office those who had retired to obscurity," an allusion to Chou's rehabilitation of Teng Hsiao-ping the year before.

It is not clear whether Mao approved of the radical vendetta against Chou. In any case, at the peak of the campaign, more than eight months ago, Chou entered a hospital. Most analysts and those foreigners who saw him around that time believe that he really was ill, probably with heart disease. But there were also clear advantages to hospitalization. Withdrawing from everyday affairs, Chou rendered himself less vulnerable to the radicals' attack; yet he was able to engage in the classic ploy of making his political moves while appearing to be inactive. When Mao also retired from the scene and the anti-Confucius campaign began to falter, the road was clear for Chou.

The People's Congress was the climax of Chou's efforts. The new State Council promises to give China the most stable, predictable government it has had since before the Cultural Revolution. But that, of course, depends on all factions agreeing to the status quo. In many ways, there is greater momentum toward stability than ever before. If there is a drastic swing back toward radicalism or a destructive, violent struggle for the succession, China has much more to lose now than it had several years ago. Peking has taken a leading position in international affairs, complete with a seat on the U.N. Security Council; moreover, the country has all but abandoned its dream of autarchy and become far more dependent on the world economy than it was only five or six years ago. The radicals, the moderates and the military all know that a relapse into chaos would threaten all that has been built up since 1969.

Crucial Moment. Even so, the outlook is not altogether favorable. Chou's efforts notwithstanding, the all-important question of an orderly succession remains just that—a question. It is entirely possible that the factions will be at one another's throats as soon as Mao is gone, leaving the principal seat of power open. After all, as Columbia Political Scientist Andrew Nathan puts it, "these people have given their lives for the revolution. It is everything to them; they are not going to allow the need for unity to stop them from fighting to implement their own visions of society."

Maybe not. It is clearly Chou's hope that at the crucial moment, the feuding factions will coalesce behind one of the leaders currently in the Peking lineup and quickly return to the business of nation building. Despite Mao's periodic preoccupation with "ghosts and monsters," this is probably also his hope. The stability of the world's most populous nation—and perhaps of the rest of the world as well—may well depend on whether that hope can be realized.

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SOVIET UNION

The Stand-In

While the Chinese were ratifying their own leadership, rumors continued to circulate about the health and status of Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Amidst official denials that anything was amiss, Soviet diplomats conceded privately that Brezhnev was suffering from pneumonia and recuperating in a dacha outside Moscow. They expressed confidence, however, that he would recover sufficiently to receive British Prime Minister Harold Wilson on his scheduled state visit to Moscow in mid-February. Meanwhile, the official party newspaper *Pravda* referred frequently and reverently to Brezhnev, as if to

Although these reports seemed based on journalistic crystal gazing, there was no doubt that Brezhnev was indisposed and incommunicado. If Brezhnev should be too sick to rule, who would replace him? The answer may prove as problematical as the tangled mechanics of the transfer of power in the U.S.S.R. Although a General Secretary is supposedly elected by the 241 full members of the Central Committee, in practice he is designated by 27 men, members of the Politburo and the Central Committee Secretariat. In the past, this elite has scarcely been inclined to invest real power in any single individual. The death or ouster of every top leader in Soviet history has been followed by a long period of "collective leadership" until one man sufficiently

munist Party structure: Politburo Member Alexander Shelepin, 56, a former secret police chief who now heads the trade unions and is known as a shrewd strategist and unabashed opportunist; Fyodor Kulakov, 56, the agricultural chief who by virtue of his relative youth could be a second-stage successor to Brezhnev; Kiril Mazurov, 60, a smooth party functionary who serves as Kosygin's deputy; and Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov, 60, whose image would have to be "laundered" in some more respectable position first. But Kirilenko is in the strongest position.

Ethnic Russian. A small (5 ft. 6 in.) and relatively shadowy figure, Kirilenko is known as a follower rather than as an initiator of policy. In his 15 years in the Politburo, he has been mainly con-



PARTY CHIEF KHRUSHCHEV & POLITBURO MEMBER BREZHNEV IN 1963

A bout of pneumonia, a bunch of rumors and a tangled mechanism for the transfer of power.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF KIRILENKO

underscore his political well-being.

One flurry of speculation was touched off when the Press Trust of India issued a story stating that Brezhnev had temporarily "taken leave of his responsibilities." Misinterpreting this dispatch, the French news agency AFP reported that Brezhnev had actually resigned. This sent Moscow-based correspondents scurrying round the capital, vainly trying to obtain confirmation. Just as the resignation rumors were subsiding for lack of evidence, another one surfaced when an unidentified Communist diplomat in Warsaw was quoted as saying that Brezhnev had suffered a heart attack last month—just before he vanished from public view. Some Kremlin watchers favored yet another popular diagnosis: leukemia. A London Kremlinologist reported that Brezhnev had developed a "moonface," or puffiness of the cheeks and jowls, a typical side effect of cortisone treatment for some kinds of cancer.

consolidated his position to take over fully. Although Brezhnev became party chief after Khrushchev's ouster in 1964, he did not actually assume complete personal power until five years later.

Logical Choice. Specialists in Washington and Europe believe the most logical choice to succeed Brezhnev would be Andrei Kirilenko. During Brezhnev's present illness, Kirilenko is presumably standing in for his chief in the Politburo. In recent years he has often filled this role when Brezhnev was sick or traveling abroad. Thus Kirilenko would make an ideal transitional figure for a few years. At 68, Kirilenko represents no real threat to the younger members of the 16-man Politburo and ten-man Secretariat of the Central Committee, who would be jockeying for power under his titular leadership.

Others are often suggested: Premier Aleksei Kosygin, 70, whose age would make him, too, a stopgap candidate but who lacks a power base in the Com-

cerned with maintaining party controls in Soviet industry. Trained as an engineer, he spent the first 20 years of his political career in the Ukraine as a party bureaucrat in industrial areas. One of his important qualifications for party boss is that he is a full Politburo member and also a Secretary of the Central Committee.

In spite of his Ukrainian-sounding name, Kirilenko is an ethnic Russian—virtually a requirement for the job of party chief since the death of Stalin, a Georgian. Three months older than Brezhnev, he is believed to suffer from arteriosclerosis. Said one Soviet political scientist: "He's not well—you have to keep reminding him of things." Since 1968, Kirilenko has made trips to a dozen Western and Soviet bloc countries. His views on domestic and foreign affairs are as yet unclear. Still, one U.S. Soviet affairs expert conceded last week: "For all we know, he could turn out to be a Pope John or an Adenauer."

MIDDLE EAST

Tough Talk, High Hope

It was Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat who most recently used the phrase "guns and olive branches" to describe his approach to the Middle East conflict. But Washington appears to be using a strikingly similar concept to keep oil flowing to the West. Even as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger last week prepared for another trip to the Middle East to resume his step-by-step discussions on disengagement, U.S. officials, led by President Ford, were talking tough. Their emphasis was not merely on hopes for success by Kissinger but equally, it seemed, on hints of how the U.S. might respond if the Secretary's negotiations broke down, war became imminent and petroleum shipments were threatened once more.

In a televised White House interview with NBC, the President ignored an opportunity to deny rumors that the U.S. was training a force for desert fighting in the event of another oil embargo. "I don't think that I ought to talk about any particular military contingency plans," Ford said, thus giving some substance to rumors that three special divisions were being organized for this purpose. The Pentagon admits that three divisions are being created by using formerly chairborne soldiers, but denies that they are intended for any such specific duty.

Ford reiterated his agreement with Kissinger's widely publicized statement that a new crisis might force the U.S. to take military action. The President said that the U.S. would react only to actual "economic strangulation" and added: "I think the public has to have a reassur-

ance that we are not going to permit America to be strangled to death." In a speech to the Economic Club of New York, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger insisted that it was "within the power" of the U.S. to prevent such strangulation. Schlesinger also reaffirmed U.S. support for Israel in the event of another Middle East war. He predicted that such a war would last no longer than three or four weeks and that Israel could be resupplied from the U.S. without difficulty.

In Jerusalem, Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin was also talking tough. In a speech to United Jewish Appeal fund raisers, the former chief of staff of Israel's armed forces deliberately chose to speak as "a military man." Said Rabin: "We do not seek war, but if war is forced upon us, the Arabs will find a stronger Israel than they think they might find." Rabin rejected Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's call for an Israeli withdrawal within 90 days on three fronts—the Sinai desert, the Golan Heights and the West Bank of the Jordan River. Deadlines have "no validity whatsoever for Israel," the Premier said.

Running Battle. The olive branch, however, was equally evident. In private, Rabin sounded more conciliatory than he had in public. Arab leaders, too, sounded more amenable than they had in recent months. Significantly, there was general Arab disapproval of the actions of three guerrillas who first attempted to attack an Israeli airliner at Paris' Orly Airport and then wounded some 20 people in a running battle with French police. "We cannot condone such acts, which only harm French and Palestinian people," said Arafat. The Iraqi government allowed the guerrillas to land at Baghdad in a French airliner that had flown them from Orly, but then arrested them. Either Iraq or the Palestine Liberation Organization may punish the men. Such threats have been made in the past after similar incidents, but never carried out. Whether the Arabs are in earnest this time remains to be seen.

At least as significant was a hint from Egypt's Sadat that eventually he might not insist on simultaneous Israeli disengagement moves on all three disputed fronts. "It would be tantamount to treason," he told the Beirut newspaper *an-Nahar*, "if we reject for any reason occupied Arab land that the enemy may return to us." Jordan's King Hussein made the same point to TIME. "My own view," the King said, "is that any territory recovered is important. If it is a step to be followed by others, I do not see why there should be any objection." Such flexible attitudes should help ease Kissinger's task considerably.

Overall, the mood for Middle East peacemaking was optimistic. The only danger was that the tough talk, particularly on Washington's part, could itself become an issue and complicate Kissinger's negotiations.

A Growing Mood Of Moderation

Shuttle diplomacy is scheduled to resume in the Middle East in a few weeks, when Secretary of State Henry Kissinger undertakes negotiations for a second-stage disengagement by Israel, Egypt and Syria. Last week a TIME-sponsored news tour of 53 U.S. businessmen, TIME editors and correspondents visited the area. In talks with several leaders, the group discerned a growing mood of moderation and a determination on all sides to help Kissinger move toward an eventual peace. Excerpts from the discussions:

SADAT: "I Am Ready"

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat received the group not in Cairo, but at his favorite winter vacation spot, Aswan. Sadat was in an amiable mood as he relaxed on a sofa in a salon of the New Cataract Hotel—where Kissinger stayed during the first round of shuttle diplomacy last year—and answered the TIME group's questions. Among them:

Q. *Mr. President, are you on the point of accepting a second stage of disengagement in Sinai?*

A. I am ready. If the Israelis are ready, I am quite ready. I hope that in the very near future we can do something because we are in a very dangerous situation. And it is just like a bomb that is about to explode any moment, a time bomb that may explode if Israel wanted to achieve superiority in the area, or by miscalculation, and I don't want either.

Q. *Could you reach an agreement with Israel on Sinai without insisting on agreement on other fronts?*

A. Well, this is a very important question. If you mean to ask if I am ready to reach a separate solution with Israel, I say no. But if you ask if I am ready to defuse the bomb that is about to explode now, yes, I am ready; and I am ready to discuss further steps toward peace, a new step of disengagement, and so on.

Q. *You recently indicated that unless there is progress in the next 90 days, you would return to Geneva. What would you like to see happen in the next 90 days?*

A. Well, I should like to see an Israeli pullback on the three fronts: Sinai, Golan Heights and the West Bank. After that, we shall be going to Geneva, but we shall be seeking a free atmosphere, not a tense one. No, we shall be at ease and we shall talk together.

Q. *Is there a possibility of creating a demilitarized zone between your country and Israel?*

A. I am ready to allow a demilitarized zone in my country, but I shall be asking

ISRAELI PREMIER YITZHAK RABIN



STEPHEN GAYE

in reciprocity to have a demilitarized zone on Israeli land.

Q. What could we in the U.S. be doing for the Middle East that we are not?

A. In the last 20 years we were in constant confrontation with the Americans. We started a new era in relations one year ago, when Henry Kissinger visited me here. What am I asking from the U.S.? Look, I am not asking the U.S. to break its special relations with Israel. But I am now your friend, and I have the right to ask you as a friend to be logical with me. Keep your special relations with Israel, but treat me as a friend also.

Q. Henry Kissinger has said that the U.S. might intervene in the oil-producing countries in this area. What would Egypt's position be in that case?

A. This is a very grave error that Henry has committed. Henry is my friend, but he shouldn't have said that. I don't like the language of confrontation, which is the language of the 19th century, the diplomacy of the gun.

Q. It is only fair to point out that Kissinger qualified his statement.

A. Yes, I know. He spoke of strangulation not only of America but of Western civilization. But can you convince the man in the street in the Arab world? This can be used against him by others.

Q. When you spoke of 90 days, were you speaking specifically of the outbreak of a war?

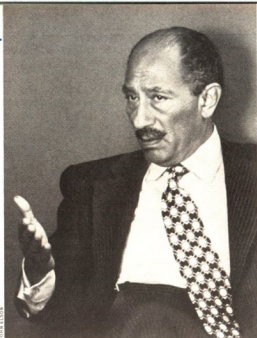
A. Well, my main concern really is this: we started after the October war a process toward peace. It slackened last summer. We have to keep the momentum and continue the search or we shall be facing a state of stagnation again, and if we reach this stage of stagnation, there will be no other alternative than war by miscalculation or intention.

Q. To get things moving again, is it necessary for Kissinger to come here?

A. I have told Henry that he is welcome whenever he chooses to come. But when he comes to this area, there must be something concrete to be achieved or the repercussions will be against you and your effort. He is welcome any time, but he must prepare to achieve something.

ASSAD: "No Secure Borders."

Syria's President Hafez Assad pointedly invited U.S. Ambassador Richard Murphy to sit beside him when he held a long (2½ hours) discussion with the TIME party at the presidential palace in Damascus. By addressing the U.S. Government as well as Americans traveling privately, Assad stressed that he was voicing Syrian policy. Uncharacteristically voluble, Assad at one point made an emotional exposition linking Syrian and U.S. views on freedom: "We believe that the aggression of Israel conflicts



EGYPT'S SADAT

Maintain the momentum, continue the search, or face stagnation once again.



SYRIA'S ASSAD

with the principles of freedom for which the American people fought."

Q. Mr. President, what are your views on step-by-step diplomacy?

A. The most important thing is an overall concept of a just peace. Second, there could be a giant step, involving all fronts, but if it is like the movement of a turtle it is of no use. Clearly, if step by step is meant to divide the Arabs into three fronts, and then a subdivision of three fronts, this is not conducive to peace.

Q. Is Syria prepared to consider secure borders for Israel?

A. With modern weapons, there are no secure borders. The Israelis are not serious. In 1967 they occupied the Golan Heights. They said it was to protect their settlements. In 1973 they pushed the Syrian army about 17 kilometers in the north and 25 in the south. The range of our artillery is 30 kilometers, so the Syrian army can still shell their settlements. And now they have built new settlements. If we are to pursue their logic, after a while they will ask for new secure borders to protect their new settlements. That is why I believe they are interested in expansion.

Q. Would you be prepared to consider a demilitarized zone on the Golan Heights?

A. We may agree to reciprocal measures on either side of the border for any length of time. If they agree to ten kilometers on either side, so do we. But not if it is imposed on us.

Q. What would another war solve?

A. Because I am opposed to step-by-step measures does not mean I want a fifth war. What I mean to say is that divided

and slow movements will not avert a fifth war. I do not have any clear idea what the U.S. means by step-by-step movement. If the step-by-step movement has good substance on all Arab fronts, it will help peace.

Judging from their comments, all the leaders of the "confrontation countries" are pinning their hopes—for the time being at least—on Henry Kissinger's gradual personal diplomacy. The alternative is full-scale negotiations at Geneva involving the Soviet Union and probably the Palestine Liberation Organization as well. Even Syria, one of Moscow's warmest Arab allies, is willing to let Kissinger negotiate, and has suggested for the first time a demilitarized border. Israel will not be pressured, but evidently is prepared to follow Kissinger's proposals, even to Geneva if necessary.

The trap for the Secretary of State is whether he can satisfy all parties with multiple negotiations. The Sinai talks will be relatively easy, but tricky nonetheless. Egypt demands the return of the oilfields at Abu Rudeis and the strategic Mitla and Giddi passes through which Israeli armor has moved three times to fight her. Israel is not prepared to surrender Abu Rudeis until alternate fuel supplies are firmly guaranteed. The form of this guarantee—and of any firm U.S. guarantee of Israel's security—could become sticking points.

Nevertheless, the prognosis for further disengagement and easing of tensions is still good. As diplomats in the Middle East noted last week, Sadat would never have specifically mentioned a 90-day deadline for further progress unless he believed that Henry Kissinger could produce results in time.



"Please don't put yourself out for me."

FRANCE

Guess Who Came To Dinner?

Ever since France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced on New Year's Eve that he would like to have dinner with a typical French family once a month to keep up with "the problems that concern Frenchmen of all professions," the Elysée Palace has been swamped with invitations. The very same night, one woman telephoned and told the duty officer at the palace: "Oh, please, tell the President to come right over. We're having oysters and turkey and would love to have him." Other offers were less polite, including some from Frenchmen who said that they would be only too delighted to have Giscard to dinner so they could give him an earful about his policies.

Last week Giscard finally did go to dinner, and the first family selected to play host to France's First Family turned out to be that of Claude Cucchiari. A Parisian picture framer, Cucchiari had done some work for the President and casually invited him over. Still, he could not have been more surprised when one of Giscard's top aides phoned three weeks ago and advised that the Giscard had accepted. The only request: keep it secret, keep it simple and don't hire any outside help.

Champagne Apéritif. Promptly at 8:30, Giscard, 48, and wife Anne-Aymone, 41, knocked on the door of the three-room Cucchiari flat—a fifth-floor walk-up on the Left Bank. They were greeted by Claude, 46, his wife Louise, 44, and eight other friends and relatives. After a champagne *apéritif* in the small yellow living room, the guests sat down to a dinner of *potage de cresson*, *bass en mousseline*, *côte de boeuf* with *jardinière de légumes*, salad, and cheese (including a Cantal and a Gouzou from Auvergne, Giscard's home region). It was topped off by *charlotte aux fraises* for dessert and three wines—vin d'Arbois, St. Emilion and Sauternes.

Not exactly the scrambled eggs that

Giscard had flippantly said would be sufficient when he first announced the plan. Well no, Mme. Cucchiari conceded afterwards. But, she added, "it's not every night that the President comes to dinner." She insisted that she, her sister and sister-in-law had prepared all the food themselves, except for the bass, which came from a deli around the corner.

Amusing Anecdotes. And did the President hear any gripes? *Mais, non.* "He was formidable. He was very relaxed and told lots of amusing anecdotes," she said the next day, still beaming as she finished up the last of the St. Emilion. Although she had missed a lot of the conversation hopping up and down serving dinner, she said, "it was like sitting around a table with friends. We talked about children and vacations." The only discussion about politics was a brief talk about the last days of the presidential campaign that followed. After a few snapshots "for the family album," the Giscard departed at midnight.

The dinner with the Cucchiari was only the latest in a series of moves that Giscard has made to make the presidency more informal. The day before Christmas he invited four garbage collectors into the Elysée Palace for breakfast and gave each a bottle of champagne and a turkey. Then on New Year's Day he showed up unexpectedly for lunch at an old-age home.

After the remoteness of De Gaulle and Pompidou, the French are still a little bewildered by this sudden egalitarianism. But there are signs they may be learning to like it. A new poll showed 83% supporting Giscard's folksy ways, including his penchant for late-night forays about town. The big question now: Who will he have dinner with next?

GREECE

Revival and Revenge

During his three-month stay on the small Aegean island of Kea, George Papadopoulos, former head of the Greek military dictatorship that was toppled last July, became obsessed with a fanciful scenario: "We will be granted amnesty," Papadopoulos would tell the four junta leaders who shared his exile. "We will stand for Parliament. We will be elected. And finally we shall rule again."

Last week a harsher reality intruded. Picked up by a torpedo boat, whose commander was one of the hundreds of officers sacked by Papadopoulos, the five were sped to the port of Piraeus. From there they were taken to Korydallos prison and placed behind bars, along with the sixth member of the junta's inner circle, former Brigadier General Dimitrios Ioannidis. All six await trial on charges of insurrection and high treason. If convicted, they face a maximum penalty of death by firing squad.

In moving to prosecute the six, Premier Constantine Caramanlis responded to growing pressure. Preoccupied with the Cyprus crisis, which brings demonstrators into the streets of Athens with increasing frequency, Caramanlis had been under attack for being too lenient in dealing with former junta members and their collaborators. More than 100,000 people, including civil servants, judges, generals and university professors, who were appointed by the junta during its repressive seven-year reign have been dismissed by the Caramanlis government, but only about 50 face criminal charges. Under a parliamentary bill passed unanimously earlier this month, more than 250 army of-

RELATIVES OF JUNTA VICTIMS MARCH IN ATHENS



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THE WORLD

ficers plus 150 ministers and top civil servants could be brought to trial—including the present Foreign Minister, Dimitrios Bitsios. Fearing the political instability that such a massive purge might provoke, Caramanlis hopes to avoid wholesale prosecutions. But the mood of the people is plainly vengeful.

After the junta's iron-fisted rule, Greece is now savoring the political and cultural freedoms of a revived democracy. But the new-found liberties, rather than mellowing the desire for retribution, seem to have inflamed it. Released from rigid censorship, almost every art form has been used to launch direct or indirect attacks on the junta.

The French-Algerian film *Z*—based on the 1963 assassination of a popular left-wing member of the Greek Parliament and banned by the junta when it was released in 1969—is now being shown in Athens for the first time. In the past five weeks a record 500,000 have seen it. When the film's hero, a young, tenacious prosecutor, penetrates an official cover-up and indicts six police officials for complicity in the murder, the audience almost invariably responds with a frenzy that verges on blood lust.

Similar reactions are inspired by several theater groups that are staging venomous musical satires of the Papadopoulos regime and the American CIA, which is popularly regarded as having propped up the junta. The works of German Playwright Bertolt Brecht, many of them banned by the colonels for their Marxist themes, are also enjoying a revival. Bookstores are stocking titles like Carlos Marighella's manual *The Urban Guerrilla*; a large readership is virtually guaranteed for any work by or about Che Guevara.

Antijunta Sentiment. At the invitation of the Caramanlis government, former BBC Director-General Sir Hugh Greene is doing a survey of Greek television and recommending ways to move the medium away from the staple fare of junta days: reruns of U.S. situation comedies. The army still controls one of Greece's two channels, but Parliament is now debating legislation to release it from the military's grip.

So intense is antijunta sentiment that demonstrations calling for execution of "the six" are now almost a daily occurrence. But however shrill the public clamor may become, the Caramanlis government is determined to resist anything resembling a Jacobean bloodletting. Says Press Minister Panayiotis Lambrias: "Perhaps it is a natural phenomenon. We saw it in France after the second world war. We saw it in Germany . . . But we have to respect the rules of democracy. When there are arrests, they must be legal." Lambrias has ample reason to understand the appeal as well as the danger of wholesale reprisals. A former journalist, he was imprisoned and tortured by the junta's military police in 1968 before escaping to exile in London.



WORKMEN IN ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL MINUTES BEFORE PROJECT WAS ABANDONED

BRITAIN

Still an Island

"It will be easier for you to come pick our roses of Picardy, and for us it will no longer be a long way to Tipperary."

With those words French Secretary of State for Transportation Pierre Billecocq co-signed the historic 1973 treaty committing France and Britain to support the construction of a 32-mile train tunnel under the English Channel. Plans to link the two nations by "chunnel" had graced the drawing boards of imaginative engineers for nearly 200 years; French Engineer Albert Mathieu's 1802 design shows a coach-and-four trotting through a candlelit tube with ventilating pipes reaching above the waves. But whenever the 19th century pipe dream threatened to come true, Britain got skittish. A characteristically insular reaction came from Sir Garnet Wolseley who, as adjutant general of the British army, warned in 1882 that the tunnel "would be a constant inducement to the unscrupulous foreigner to make war upon us." Last week the British House of Commons, reviewing the issue for the 36th time in 172 years, scuttled the most serious effort yet to build the chunnel.

The official French response was a moderately worded statement of regret. Popular and press reaction was considerably more acidulous toward perfidious Albion. Interpreting the pullout as an anti-European gesture, the daily *Le Monde* said: "Great Britain is an island and intends to remain one."

Politics undoubtedly played a role, although a minor one. Only last week Prime Minister Harold Wilson tentatively set a June date for a referendum

on whether Britain should remain in the Common Market—and some members of the Labor government see the chunnel as an undesirable link with the Continent. Indeed, many Labor M.P.s cheered enthusiastically when the project was killed. Still, the decision was based more on economics than on politics. Just 18 months ago, the cost for the tunnel was estimated at \$2 billion. Today the figure has risen to more than \$4.5 billion. Although the construction was being financed by private French and British consortiums, the two governments had agreed to guarantee all loans obtained by the two tunnel companies. Moreover, a high-speed rail connection between the tunnel and London would have cost Britain \$885 million. For a nation struggling with a 19% inflation, the project started to look like a fiscal albatross.

Happy England. Preliminary work—including a 350-yd. test tunnel—has already cost Britain \$70 million, and will cost an additional \$50 million in cancellation penalties. For this \$120 million, England has, as the London *Sunday Times* snidely observed, bought herself "two access tunnels to Dover's Shakespeare cliffs." Some Britons, however, are undoubtedly delighted. Their country will remain what William Gladstone called "Happy England. Happy that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea . . . partially from dangers, absolutely from the temptations which attend upon the local neighborhood of the continental nations." As for the French, it would still have been a long way to Tipperary, anyway. Unless, of course, Monsieur Billecocq was looking ahead to the even greater improbability of an Anglo-Irish chunnel.

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The Public's Economic Program

To the Editors:

It is little wonder that we have failed in solving the inflation problem. Most people confuse high prices with inflation, and many others, more knowledgeable, simply do not want to face up to the problem. Unfortunately, both groups include many members of Congress and the news media.

There is only one way to stop inflation, and that is to reduce Government spending drastically and increase the production of goods. The ironic thing is that the real solution is far less painful than the fakery cures to which we are being subjected. Doling out Government money at the consumer level cannot provide the necessary capital to get more production. It only accelerates demand, fuels more inflation and continues unemployment.

Let's really give the free enterprise system a chance to work. Reduce corporate income taxes, encourage consumer saving rather than spending, concentrate on encouraging more capital investment so that we'll have the means to increase production greatly. This will provide both jobs and goods. You can't spend your way out by "priming the pump." You must produce your way out.

Harlan J. Bauer
Wheaton, Ill.

Somewhere in the frazzled mass there must be people quietly working on sources of energy—the wind, the waves, the sun—far more permanent than our limited amounts of oil. I wish that my Government would take my tax refund and use it for my children's threatened future rather than their perhaps slightly uncomfortable 1975.

Ann A. Paulson
Wilmington, Del.

We have to be aware that the Middle East oil price increases lower our standard of living, and there is nothing that President Ford or anyone else in this country can do to alter that fact. Even military intervention, unthinkable for other reasons, would have to be financed through higher taxes or deficit spending (read: inflation).

It would seem that President Ford's tariff is the least objectionable alternative. At least the taxes collected would be recycled within our own economy.

Tim Merker
Menominee, Mich.

Even a numskull like me can see contradictory messages coming from those who propose solutions to economic problems. The President believes that the public will use tax rebate money to rush out and buy new cars and help rescue the ailing auto industry. At the same time, he proposes upping the price of gasoline to discourage the use thereof. Now why would I want to buy a new car just to take it home and put it in the garage? Demand for fuel is governed less by price adjustment than by the number of vehicles in operation. Rationing, either direct or indirect, makes sense only if there is a corresponding reduction of demand by reducing the number of vehicles.

If gasoline is truly in short supply, there is no excuse for the unlimited manufacture of cars to eat it up. If, however, shoring up a sagging industry is the prime objective, fuel must be easily available. We can't have it both ways.

Edwin A. Lucado Jr.
San Diego

I don't know what you expect of President Ford. You must think he should be some superhero and be able to pull us out of our problems just like that. Give the man a chance.

You keep demanding solutions for a problem that no one has been able to solve. I think people ought to realize that the responsibility for solving these problems doesn't lie with the President alone. It's going to take all of us working together to stop this recession. Until people realize that and start to do something other than blame the President, nothing is going to be accomplished.

Kathy Vierzege
Norwalk, Wis.

Recently, after I had made a purchase at a local store, the clerk offered to wrap it for me. I thought that they must have run out of paper bags. A day or so later, the gas-station attendant actually washed the windshield. Merchants are beginning to push common courtesy. I hadn't realized that things were so bad.

Edward Rogge
Petersburg, Ill.

I welcome Ford's tax rebate. Now millions of us can buy new equipment for the corner apple stands.

John J. Lyons
Chicago

Basic Stuff for Newsmen

The blame for the miserable record of economics journalism [Jan. 20] rests squarely on the shoulders of your intellectuals who "skillfully translate economic trends" into useless prose. The blame cannot be shifted to the shoulders of John Q. under the guise of public ignorance about economics.

Before you try to educate the public, take a healthy dose of that "basic stuff" you mention and heal thyself.

Charles R. Winfield
Palacios, Texas

Your account of the dismal state of economics coverage reflected with great accuracy the concerns felt by professional economists (of whom I am one) as they read their daily newspapers or watch television.

Princeton University is seeking to be of at least some help in remedying the deficiency. We have just announced a fellowship program, to begin in the fall, carefully designed to provide eight journalists annually with a sophisticated knowledge of the tools and methods of economic analysis. The program, initiated and supported by the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, will be housed at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. It will be a year-long, highly structured program with much of the material particularly designed to meet journalistic requirements.

It is our hope that in a few years you will have a somewhat more cheerful story to tell.

William G. Bowen, President
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Society's Advance Scouts

Mr. Griffith's Essay on what can rightfully be expected of politicians [Jan. 27] captured many of the frustrations I've felt and the lessons I've learned in 20 years of trying to lead.

Experience has taught me this: successful leaders are neither folk heroes nor mere managers. They carefully negotiate the void that separates the real from the ideal. They act as advance scouts for the wagon train of society without getting so far ahead that they are out of touch.

It takes some special qualities: the ability to laugh at oneself, the balance that allows one to enjoy great victories without being arrogant and suffer great defeats without crumbling. The job of society, rather than flitting aspirants into Superman's suit, is to pay close attention to the clothes they actually wear. Rhetoric is no substitute for record, speechwriters for substance, charisma for character.

Aspiring leaders should remember

FORUM

that greatness is for history to judge. Their job is to stake out strong positions on the most difficult issues of their time.

Morris K. Udall
Washington, D.C.

The writer, a Congressman from Arizona since 1961, is an announced candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

No automatic omniscience accrues to a new President the day after election to produce the superman sometimes expected by our citizens. But there is available a tremendous reservoir of knowledge and ability among our people. Effective decision-making experience and a long campaign help to teach the successful candidate how to tap this competent help.

As a prerequisite to superior performance, there must be a total commitment to demonstrable integrity. Frankness, openness, boldness, accessibility and maintenance of strict and publicly known ethical standards are necessary. Those good people who wish to maintain complete personal privacy should not seek public office. The only way for public officials to gain public trust is to be trustworthy.

Our basic problem is not so much that people have lost confidence in their Government, but that elected officials have underestimated the innate character and intelligence of their constituents. An increasingly skeptical public and reductions in paid advertising because of new spending ceilings should serve to reduce the appeal of the superficial media candidate.

Following the shame of Watergate and with the coming observance of our nation's 200th birthday, it is time to reject mediocrity in every aspect of national life. Why not the best?

Jimmy Carter
Atlanta

Governor of Georgia until last month, the writer is another early Democratic presidential aspirant.

Bad Jokes for Spring

Here, here. None of this. I will not have you criticizing *AM America* (Jan. 20) in a magazine for which I pay good money. We have finally been given an alternative to *Today*, with its iccheous atmosphere and the reptilian Barbara Walters. Stephanie Edwards and Bill Beutell tell bad jokes and give us information about the state of the Coke bottle, Faye Dunaway's birthday and oryx farming. It's the difference between waking up in winter or in spring.

Rex Rowan
Jacksonville

Come, come, Jay Cocks, you threw a heavy typewriter at a butterfly. No one in the audience seriously believed that funny little airship could get off the

ground, much less fly. *Island at the Top of the World* (Jan. 13) was fun and fantasy, a world where no one got cold or hungry or tired or discouraged. We knew the good guys would solve their problems. We knew the bad guy would be overcome. All this without nudity, obscenity or promiscuity. Jay Cocks, you aren't young enough or old enough to review a Disney movie.

Robin Foster
Ipswich, Mass.

Antioch in the '70s

I appreciate that TIME has once again singled out Antioch as an important institution in its own right and one that reflects the gains and problems of liberal arts education in the country.

Antioch has emerged from the turbulence of the past few years with its educational programs not only intact but strengthened. The work-study program, which affords the student a two-year advantage in employment upon graduation, is the strongest offered by any liberal arts college in the country. A current report ranks Antioch ninth in success in admittance of its graduates to medical schools. While our Yellow Springs campus—along with other private colleges—is accommodating a lower enrollment than it had in the '60s, we are approaching the challenges of the '70s with confidence.

Chancellor Francis X. Shea is providing strong and affirmative leadership. I deplore the possible inference that he came for other reasons, and you are grossly in error for labeling him an apostate. He is a duly laicized Jesuit priest granted permission to marry by the Holy See. In his own words he remains a "believing and practicing Catholic."

James P. Dixon, President
Antioch College
Yellow Springs, Ohio

A similar article could have been written at any given point in our history. Antioch College is on the brink of nothing more than another era of progressive education.

Constance Crockett
Antioch, Class of '76

Carbines v. Rifles

In reporting the death of David M. ("Carbine") Williams (Jan. 20), you said that he invented the M-1 rifle. Your writer is doubtless too young to have ever carried either, but veterans of World War II and Korea know the difference between Williams' M-1 carbine and John Garand's more powerful M-1 rifle. One difference is about 4 lbs. in weight, as any dogface will remember.

Dan Reat
Houston

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

MILESTONES

Married. Zsa Zsa Gabor, 55, sometime actress and talk-show queen; and Jack Ryan, 48, Los Angeles millionaire who, as head of Mattel Inc.'s research division, supervised the development of the Barbie doll. The couple were wed in a civil ceremony at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas; he for the second time, she for the sixth. Said the white-gowned Mrs. Ryan: "If this doesn't work, I shoot myself."

Died. Kay Summersby Morgan, 66, General Dwight Eisenhower's secretary, chauffeur and confidante during World War II; of cancer, in Southampton, N.Y. Irish-born daughter of a retired British officer, Summersby, a former actress and model, was assigned to drive Eisenhower during an inspection tour of London in May 1942. Her constant association with the general throughout the war stirred rumors that she was his mistress. The speculation gained credence from Harry Truman's statement in *Plain Speaking*; he had seen a letter from Ike to General George Marshall saying he planned to divorce Mamie to marry Summersby. Summersby, who later married an American stockbroker, denied the alleged liaison throughout her life, saying, "I am admitting nothing, mind you, except that I have never been one to kiss and tell."

Died. Larry Fine, 73, one of the Three Stooges; of a stroke, in Woodland Hills, Calif. As the frizzy-haired, tubero-sided sidekick of Moe and Curly, Larry played an amiable idiot who spent most of his time dodging pies. Veterans of one- and two-reel shorts of the '30s, the Stooges enjoyed an extraordinary revival on TV in the late '50s, when their ham-handed slapstick endeared them to a new generation of children.

Died. Paul Ely, 77, former French army chief of staff, in Paris. After seeing action in the trenches along the Marne in World War I, Ely joined the Gaullist Resistance when the Nazis conquered France in 1940, and made several hazardous Channel crossings as liaison between the underground and De Gaulle's London headquarters. Named army chief of staff in 1953, he made the final unsuccessful French appeal for American intervention in France's colonial war in Indochina. When Ho Chi Minh's troops overran the French fortress of Dien Bien Phu, Ely assumed command in Indochina, and it was he who announced in Saigon the Geneva accord dividing Viet Nam at the 17th parallel. He later played a key role in De Gaulle's effort to disengage from Algeria without provoking civil war in France.

Died. Thomas Hart Benton, 85, Missouri-born regionalist painter; in Kansas City, Mo. (see ART).

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RICHARD HELMS REFLECTED IN REDFORD'S GLASSES

The tall man in the London-tailored suit and woolen muffler sipped his coffee and carefully observed the husky blond in the pea jacket. Then embattled ex-CIA Director **Richard Helms** threw caution to the wind. He stepped over to ask whether "I was encountering as many difficulties as he had been experiencing lately," explained **Robert Redford**. The star is playing a CIA man on the run in the film adaptation of James Grady's novel *Six Days of the Condor*. Helms had dropped by at the suggestion of the movie's director, Sydney Pollack. Helms did not engage in shoptalk, said Redford, just chatted generally about the film. And the weather was so icy on the gusty New York City set that Redford dubbed him "the spy who came into the cold."

The neo-Balzacian novel from which **John** and **Maureen Dean** sprang is now reaching a richly ironic climax. Freed from prison after serving only four months of his one- to four-year Watergate sentence, John hurried home to Mo in Los Angeles to tot up the wages of sin. There was the \$350,000 advance from Simon & Schuster for hard-cover rights to John's account of life with Nixon, and the same publisher's undisclosed advance to Mo for her version of life with John. Then there is John's lecture tour, which starts Feb. 2 at the University of Virginia. Eventually, says his agent David Obst (who also set up a \$1 million take for Woodward and Bernstein), "Dean stands to make as much as Woodward and Bernstein each made from *All the President's Men*, which is now the hottest paperback in the country." While Nixon and others whose

downfall he encompassed have not nearly such rosy prospects, Dean, 36, was looking forward to years of gilt-edged living as he and Mo jetted for a Caribbean vacation.

Lillian Gish was a 13-year-old actress working for Theatrical Producer David Belasco when she signed on as an extra at the eccentric **David Lewellyn Wark Griffith's** Manhattan movie studio in 1912. For the next ten years, she starred in some of Griffith's greatest films—*Birth of a Nation*, *Way Down East*, *Intolerance*. Griffith died a forgotten man in 1948, but Gish never stopped working to have his genius recognized. Last week, on the centenary of Griffith's birth and at Gish's urging, a 10¢ stamp with the film maker's profile was issued, and Lillian, now a buoyant 75, starred briefly at the opening of the Museum of Modern Art's Griffith festival in Manhattan. Then she headed for China on a round-the-world lecture tour. She is taking along a selection of silents, among them Griffith's *The Lady and the Mouse* and *A Romance of Happy Valley*. "Imagine," Gish said, "I had to borrow prints of those films from Russia. We don't have them. But they recognize film as powerful and important." Then she added, "Movies have to answer a great deal for what the world is today."

Max the Menace was 18 last week. And a very pretty Max is **Princess Caroline** of Monaco, who confessed in an interview with the *New York Daily News* that she had been nicknamed after the short-tempered French cartoon character by her schoolfellows at Paris' School of Political Science. Said Caroline: "I've



FUNICELLO PAST & PRESENT



CAROLINE OF MONACO IS 18

had an occasional brief crush, but I've never been in love." She is too busy for that. Even on her birthday, which she celebrated in Paris with her parents at the family's Avenue Foch apartment, Caroline had to take a law exam and attend riding school. She barely had time to take a spin in the dark blue Fiat sports car that was **Prince Rainier's** and **Princess Grace's** present to her, and enjoy a family lunch topped off with her favorite: Sacher torte with whipped cream.

The *Mickey Mouse Club* is back on the tube. Reruns of the hit kids' TV show of the '50s are being aired on stations in more than 50 cities, and one viewer who is eagerly tuning in is **Annette Funicello**, 32. The retired star was thrilled to see herself as an orbicular-eared Mouse-teen again. "They were the most fun years of my life," sighed Annette, who is now married to Hollywood Agent

Jack Gilardi, and has been pestered by her own kids about her childhood career. "They kept asking 'What's a Mousketeer?'" she said. Now Gina, 9, and Jackie, 5, know, and they envy Mom, who recalled wistfully: "It was like being in Disneyland every day."

President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada of Uganda is planning to invade Great Britain. Radio Uganda broadcast last week a message from the ex-sergeant major notifying his ex-commander, Queen Elizabeth, that uninvited, he will arrive in England next Aug. 4. Amin wants to meet not only the Asians he booted out of Uganda in 1972, but also dissident Scots, Northern Irish and Welsh who are "struggling for independence from your political and economic system." Big Daddy added that he was giving the Queen notice so she could be sure he was made comfortable. The Tower of London is just the place, think many Britons.

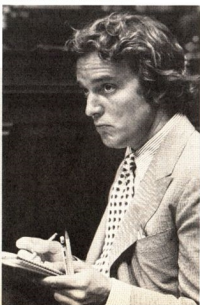
Cameras are usually banned from courtrooms. So the recently ended three-month trial of John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman, John Mitchell, et al. for conspiracy and other crimes in the Watergate affair gave work to many artists, including Portraitist Jamie Wyeth, 28, scion of the Wyeth painting dynasty. "They all knew I was sketching them. In fact, Ehrlichman was sketching too," he says. Jamie's feelings changed as the trial progressed: "When I first came into the courtroom I thought they should all be in jail. Later it wasn't so simple. I think they paid the price." He hopes eventually to publish a book of his drawings. No word yet whether Ehrlichman plans to do the same.

The kind of schlock-rock life led by Elton John, 27, was bound to age him fast. Still, his fans may be startled to see him looking like a grizzled ancient in his forthcoming appearance on

the Cher TV special. Wearing a satin-lapelled dressing gown and high-heeled clunkers, John plays a senile rock-'n'-roller incarcerated in a rest home along with an equally decayed Bette Midler and Flip Wilson. John's eyeglasses, a particular fetish, are surprisingly modest. Of his 100 pairs, he has chosen tinted aviators, rather than the giant shades even larger than himself that he once staggered onstage with, or the sporty *diamanté* numbers with pinwheels sparkling at the corners that he liked to show off before doing a handstand on the keyboard.

"My dad can whip your dad," Buzzy Jackson, 4, the son of Atlanta's 300-lb. Mayor Maynard Jackson, 36, must have told Muhammad Ibn Ali, 2. Obviously, Muhammad said that he would have to see about that and trotted home to tell Daddy to take on city hall. Soon World Heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali, 33, and the mayor were in training. "The champ may be strong, but he isn't all there/ If he thinks he can beat this dy-no-mite mayor," taunted Jackson. Riposted Ali, "He don't want to brag and he thinks he's so hip/ If he keeps talking trash, I'll pop him in the lip." Last week, the poetaster-pugilists stepped into the ring at Atlanta's Southeastern Fair Grounds to celebrate Black Atlanta Week. Just the sight of Jackson in gargantuan batik swimming trunks was too much for Ali, and when the mayor threw a near miss past the champ's jaw, Ali went down for the count. Said Ali after recovering from the wind that whistled by his mandible, "This is his city and I had to let him win so I could get out."

EHRLICHMAN & SKETCHER WYETH

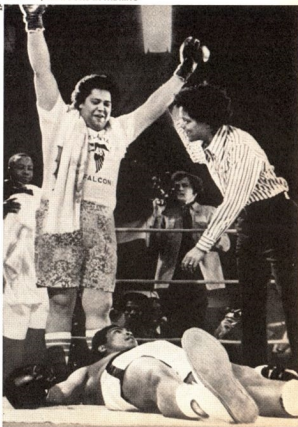


MIKE HEWITSON



ELTON JOHN AS A SENIOR ROCK-'N'-ROLLER

JACKSON, ALI & BOND IN THE RING





MILLER FOLLOWING THROUGH



BLASTING OUT OF BUNKER



LINING UP A PUTT

SPORT

Feasting on the Tour

Johnny Miller is only 27—old enough to have been a golf pro for six years but too young to have lost his self-confidence. "I may be remembered as the best front runner who ever played the game," he says. "When I get out in front, it's usually bye-bye, baby." A case of locker-room braggadocio? The record backs him up. In the Professional Golfers' Association's first two tournaments this year, Miller's performance has been astonishing. By the time the players arrived in Pebble Beach, Calif., for the third event last week, Jack Nicklaus was grumbling: "All I've heard about since I got out here is Johnny Miller."

Small wonder. In Phoenix three weeks ago, Miller led from the start; he finished a startling 24 strokes under par and set a new tour record with his winning margin of 14 shots. Down in Tucson, he knocked 25 strokes off par and coasted home nine shots in front of his nearest competitor. Not only that: he won the last two tournaments he had entered in 1974 by eight and seven strokes.

Conceding Nothing. His two victories in the Arizona sun added up to \$70,000 and offered impressive evidence that he has displaced Jack Nicklaus as the lord of the links. Nicklaus admits, "Nobody's ever played on the tour as well as Miller is playing now," but he was conceding nothing as he jetted into Pebble Beach for the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am and his first confrontation with Miller this year.

Regardless of the outcome in California, Miller's performance has reached an awe-inspiring consistency. Last year he won the first three tour events and finished with eight victories and a single-season prize-money record of \$353,021. With the title of No. 1 mon-

ey winner at stake in September, he shot down Nicklaus with a birdie on the second hole of a four-way sudden-death playoff at the World Open.

He has accomplished this with a swing that Nicklaus and other pros admire as "the soundest on the tour." (As a teen-age caddy, Miller spent more time practicing his swing than following the customer's ball, and earned a reputation as a poor bag bearer.) His iron play is phenomenal, time and again delivering the ball stiff to the pin, and he putts with the boldness and confidence that once distinguished the play of a not yet forgotten superstar—Arnold Palmer.

Miller says a major ingredient in his success formula is inspiration. "I have to be inspired to play a good game. I have to go out and say, 'Hey, this is a good tournament. I have to beat these guys.'" To spectators it seems more a case of concentration than inspiration. When putting, Miller wants his caddy kneeling close behind him, motionless, to block out any slight movement that peripheral vision might pick up.

He pays meticulous attention to the technical aspects of his game and scrupulously follows about a dozen checkpoints. Each round he continually reviews such things as the balance of his body weight, the pressure of his grip on the club, the rhythm of his backswing and the placement of his feet. He makes adjustments, if necessary, on the spot.

The biggest adjustment he has had to make is to his celebrity status and wealth. Though he is generally good-natured, the press of fans and reporters sometimes nettles him ("My private time is mine. I'm not a Lee Trevino type who needs to tell jokes"). Miller now commands up to \$10,000 for a personal appearance or exhibition, and advertisers woo him night and day. Sears, Roe-

buck has introduced a line of clothes called "the Johnny Miller Collection," and he has appeared in television commercials for Beautyrest mattresses. He has turned down legions more. "I can be oversold too," he says. No doubt, but the income from the endorsement offers he accepted boosted his 1974 earnings to an estimated \$700,000.

Major Championships. An elder in the Mormon Church, Miller is a family man who neither drinks nor smokes. His principal indulgence is a Porsche Carrera racing car, which he says he has driven at up to 140 m.p.h. He owns a condominium in Hilton Head, S.C., but calls home a new \$300,000 house bordering the tenth green at the Silverado Country Club in Napa, Calif. He met his wife Linda while attending Brigham Young University on a golf scholarship, and says that he prefers weekends at home with her and their three children to the grind of the tour.

Nonetheless, Linda Miller knows her husband will not have many weekends home this year. Not only will he be out making a run at tour stops like those in Arizona; he will also be going after the major championships that truly establish a golfer's reputation. So far he has won only one, the 1973 U.S. Open. How will he do in this year's Masters, Open, P.G.A. and British Open? He likes his chances in all of them. "I'm more experienced now. I make fewer mental errors and I don't choke as much as I once did. My choking point is probably higher than Nicklaus'."

And his appetite for success remains healthy: "I'm happy now because I'm hungrier for tournament wins than I thought I'd be. For a while there I didn't know if I had that drive." With Miller taking so large a portion from the pot, other pros may have a hungry season.



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William the Conqueror. In 1066, this illegitimate son of a Norman duke invaded England, seized the throne, and then built the Tower of London and 84 castles to protect himself from his subjects.



Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, the second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower, along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.



Charles I. He kissed his children goodbye, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a cruel necessity."

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Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and tossed away the key. Then he had her lover beheaded.

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Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

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FTC Report OCT. 74.

Computerized Star

Through telescopes or high-powered binoculars, most of the solar system's planets appear as disks, some with distinguishable surface features. But stars other than the sun are so distant that even the closest one* looks like a mere pinpoint of light through the most powerful telescopes. Now astronomers at Arizona's Kitt Peak National Observatory have improved the stellar image. Using their new 158-in. reflector—the world's second largest telescope—in combination with a novel, computer-enhanced photographic technique, they have produced the first pictures

of smaller lenses, somewhat like multiple lenses in the eye of a fly. Thus the photographic plate records not one sharp stellar image but many—from 100 to 500 for each photograph. Only with prolonged exposure do the separate points merge into the single fuzzy spot familiar to astronomers.

But the Kitt Peak team decided to turn the "fly's eye" effect to its advantage. Keeping the exposures short froze the specks onto the plate before they were lost. Using that strategy gave the Kitt Peak astronomers much more information about the star than they could gather from a normal exposure. Each of the specks contains different infor-

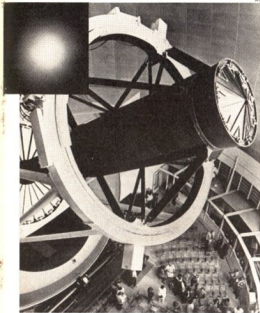
mation, like a peak or valley in the wavy sound track of a phonograph record; only when these bits of information are added together does the total information—in this case, a picture of a star—actually emerge. To analyze and combine the specks, the astronomers used a high-speed scanning beam that detected minute differences of light intensity as it swept each speck. The data from each of the 40 plates were then fed into a computer, which reassembled them into a single stellar image, like an artist piecing together a mosaic.

The computer-generated mosaic of Betelgeuse was only 2½ in. in diameter, but detailed enough to show faint markings that the scientists think may be large hot spots in its atmosphere, perhaps gases erupting violently from the interior. Nothing on quite so dramatic a scale has been observed on the sun, which is

in a more sedate stage of its evolution.

Many scientists consider such "speckle" photography to be one of the most important recent innovations in optical astronomy. When the technique has been refined, they believe, it will enable astronomers using earth-based telescopes to eliminate much of the obscuring effect of the atmosphere from their photographic plates.

Astronomers are already planning to use speckle photography to study the structure of other heavenly bodies. Some of their earliest targets will be quasars, which may well be the most distant objects ever seen by man, located at the very "edge" of the known universe. A more detailed view of these small, puzzling objects might help explain how they generate the prodigious amounts of energy that make their light visible as far away as earth.



NEW TELESCOPE & STAR PICTURE
More than a pinpoint.

of a star that show some surface detail.

The star is Betelgeuse, a so-called red giant so large that it could encompass the inner solar system almost all the way out to the orbit of Jupiter. On a clear night last March, Astronomers Roger Lynds, Jack Harvey and Peter Worden took some 40 photographs of Betelgeuse, exposing each of the plates to the star's light for less than one-hundredth of a second.

Fly's Eye. By astronomical standards, that is an extremely short exposure; in photographs taken through a large reflecting telescope, it produces a curious effect. Pockets of atmospheric turbulence along the telescope's line of sight tend to break up the incoming light. As a result, the telescope's big mirror is, in effect, divided into a number

*Proxima Centauri, which is 25 trillion miles away.

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Prophet and Poet of the Abstract

"I would like to make something that is real in itself, that does not remind anyone of any other thing, and that does not have to be explained—like the letter A for instance." Thus one of America's first abstract painters, Arthur Dove, set up his version of the modernist hope. To visit the traveling retrospective show of 70 Dove paintings and collages that Art Historian Barbara Haskell organized for the San Francisco Museum of Art (it opens this week at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo) is to sense how

not want to follow the usual pattern of expatriation was how to be both modern and at the same time American. Most modern American art from the teens and '20s had a homemade, do-it-yourself, rule-of-thumb look. Arthur Dove's was no exception, and some of his paintings, particularly in the mid-'30s, poignantly suggest an imagination hobbled by its lack of prototypes. But a certain naïveté and brusqueness were, in any case, bound up with Dove's sense of aesthetic probity. It was part of what he

called "going native." Dove was a very American painter: not only did he value his Americanism as such, but he equated it with dynamism, the very principle of modernity. "What do we call 'America' outside of painting?" he asked a friend. "Inventiveness, restlessness, speed, change. Well, a painter may put all these qualities in a still life or an abstraction, and be going more native than another who sits quietly copying a skyscraper."

Dove was, after all, a wealthy brickmaker's boy from Geneva, N.Y., a square-jawed pragmatist, proud of his skills as farmer and sailor, who had tossed in an income of \$12,000 a year illustrating for several magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post*—no mean sum, in 1907—and impoverished himself by making serious art at a time when Americans drew little distinction between "fine" and "commercial" work. Dove went to Europe and stayed for two years looking at the work of *les Fauves*: Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck. He came back in 1909, and never left America again. He could not afford a second trip.

Nature Poet. This meant that his sense of sharing a project with others, crucial to any experimenter, had to be found at home. The only audience was other artists—the group around the "291" Gallery, including John Marin and Marsden Hartley, presided over by Photographer Alfred Stieglitz, who was, in Sherwood Anderson's words, "father to so many puzzled, wistful children of the arts in the big, noisy, growing and groping America." Like other "291" artists, Dove was a nature poet: he never contemplated going to the extreme of "pure" abstraction. "I can claim no background," he once reflected, "except

perhaps the woods, running streams, hunting, fishing, camping, the sky."

But he did believe that one could extract "essences" from nature—shapes that symbolized different kinds of force, growth and *elan vital*, and that constituted the inner structure of reality. This belief, which owed as much to Mme. Blavatsky and her ilk as to Henri Bergson, was common among early abstract artists. Its embodiment, for Dove, was in works like *Team of Horses* (1911), one of the first abstract paintings ever made in the U.S.: the curling shapes, fringed with sawtooth edges and inset between thick dark lines, are like a premonitory flicker of art deco, but Dove's intent was to convey a sense of sullen, humped energy moving across a landscape.

A Gruff Joke. Like many artists of the time, Dove also pursued the idea that colors could have symbolic meanings, that they could "stand for" specific sounds. A testament to Dove's interest in synesthesia was *Fog Horns* (1929), in which the sound of the signals is symbolized by concentric rings of paint growing in lightening tones of grayed pink from a dark center: the bell mouths of the horns, their peculiar resonance and the color of the fog are fused in one image.

Perhaps the most interesting of Dove's early works was a series of about 25 assemblages he did between 1924 and 1930, including *Portrait of Ralph Dusenberry* (1924). It owes something to Picaabia (who, some years before, had done a number of "object-portraits"—Stieglitz as a camera and so forth), but the fascinating aspect today is how prophetic this small image is. No doubt Dove meant the folding inch-rule that runs round the portrait like a frame to be a gruff joke—how do you measure the fictional space of a painting? But that joke, 35 years later, would become one of the "issues" of American art and Jasper Johns would obsessively return to it. Of course, *Portrait of Ralph Dusenberry* is not necessarily a better assemblage because it predicts some part of Johns any more than the strong totemic architecture of Dove's last and most expansive color paintings, like *That Red One* (1944), is necessarily made more relevant because it seems to anticipate Robert Motherwell. Although Dove could fall to an almost barbaric level of buckeye clumsiness when off form (as this faithfully assembled show abundantly proves), the best of his work survives not as prediction but as experience. The dogged probity and sensuality of his regressions to nature were uncommon in advanced art; yet it was Dove, more than any other early abstract artist, who set what would become a motive of American painting down to the present day: the constant intrusion of epic landscape as the armature, the secret image, of abstract art.

■ Robert Hughes

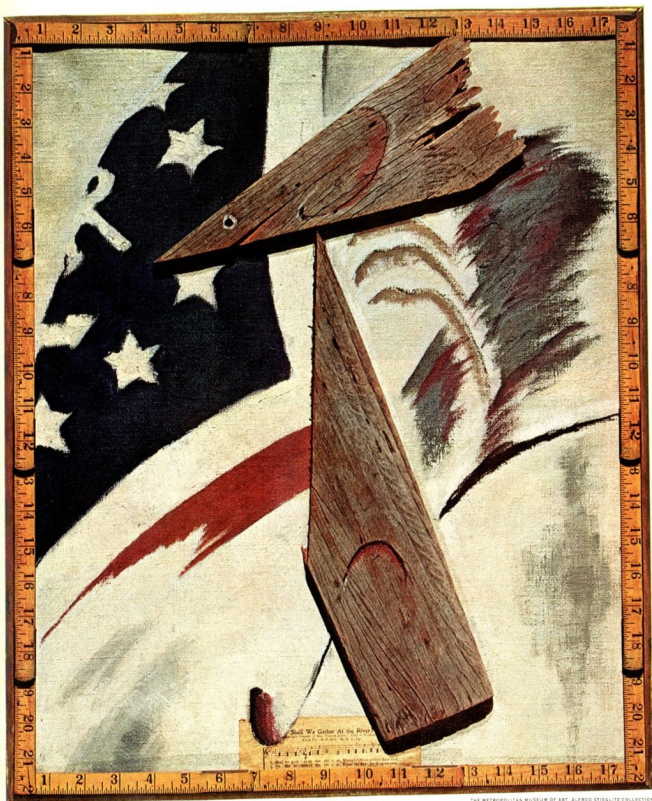


ARTIST ARTHUR DOVE AT DOCKSIDE (CIRCA 1930)
Easy to be American, hard to be modern.

difficult that ambition must have been for an American of his generation.

To be a modern artist in Europe was not the same thing. There, at least in Paris, one had an accessible field of new art. However poor, however rejected or unsuccessful he might be, the Parisian artist could afford to feel that he was part of a continuum known as the avant-garde. In America this was not so; the way to a modernist aesthetic lay through nearly impassable thickets of provincialism, with a very meager supply of information as a guide.

The big problem for artists who did



"Portrait of Ralph Dusenberry." 1924

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ALFRED STIEGLITZ COLLECTION



"That Red One," 1944

"Team of Horses," 1911



Grass-Roots Giant

"His work didn't mean anything to me. But he did exactly what he wanted to do, every day for 85 years, and how many of us can claim that much?" In its way, that young Manhattan artist's comment on Thomas Hart Benton, who died of heart disease in his studio in Kansas City, Mo., last week, was not a bad epitaph. In the course of a career that spanned seven decades (from his first job as cartoonist for a local paper in Joplin), Benton became the most popular 20th century American artist. His belligerently folksy murals, full of the pleasures of the hoedown and the Fourth of July picnic, the innocence of hillbilly Arcadia and the rigors of the frontier, were the very furniture of patriotism. And Benton's popularity was largely the result of a character he cultivated, or home-grew, for himself: the coarse-talking, no-nonsense man of the people, the Pa Kettle of American art.

A Reformed Modernist. Part of his persona was his view of modern art. He regarded it with the contempt that an old blues pianist, after 30 years' rattling the ivories in a Kansas whorehouse, might reserve for ten minutes of John Cage silence. No guts, no drawing, no life: nothing but wind and delusion. Benton made no bones about his idea that nearly everything in art since the Fauves had been rubbish at best, and at worst the fruit (so to speak) of a homosexual conspiracy to rob the U.S. of its primal manly culture. The American museum, he grumbled, was "a graveyard run by a pretty boy with a curving wrist and a swing in his gait." Modern art was unintelligible to the people. Yet, in the end, one wonders if the tribunal to which Benton submitted his work and attitudes was not some jury of average, sensual Midwesterners but rather the ghost of his father, a stumping, swilling, iron-throated Ozark Congressman whom he revered. "Dad was profoundly prejudiced against artists, and with some reason. The only ones he had ever come across were the mincing, bootlicking portrait painters of Washington who hung around the skirts of women at receptions and lisped a silly jargon about grace and beauty. He couldn't think of a son of his having anything to do with their profession." Perhaps the sallies against modernism, the fag baiting and the cornball machismo were ultimately meant to propitiate Dad and make him look kindly on his son's immense and clumsy love of painting.

But to a mass audience, the old regionalist's pronouncements were oracular. He was, after all, a reformed modernist: up to 1918 he had painted "lifeless symbolist and cubist pictures," full of "my aesthetic drivelings and morbid self-concerns." He had studied in Paris, the Antichrist's lair. So he could be believed. The rhetoric never altered; he was too ancient a drummer for that. The circumstances of his career did, and vi-

olently. For a brief time, the decade ending in 1939, he—with John Steuart Curry and Grant Wood—bestrode and dominated the taste of America. His emergence, however, was also a revival: it had to do with nostalgia, for Benton started painting his genre scenes of country American life just at the moment when the industrial metropolis, rather than the land, was turning out to be the central fact of American existence. His vast figure compositions, creaking with every cliché of academic design, bulging with heroic prelapsarian muscle, were balm to a traumatized society. So was his belief in keeping art free of the French, or at any rate foreign, stylistic pox.

When modernism could no longer be kept out, Benton's reputation (outside the Midwest) went into an abrupt decline, and the internationalists had their belated revenge on the man who had called them "an intellectually diseased lot, victims of sickly rationalizations, psychic inversions and God-awful self-cultivations." By 1965, the only fact a self-respecting art historian would have deemed worthy of note about even the best of Benton's work, like *The Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley* (1934), would have been that the lank boy in the foreground, playing a mouth organ, was a portrait of Benton's ex-pupil Jackson Pollock.

Revisionist Nostalgia. But Benton lived long enough to feel the coming of another revival. His easel paintings now fetch up to \$90,000, a fat \$40 book on him was published last year, and next year's Bicentennial will pour gallons of revisionist nostalgia upon the American regionalists—Benton included. Yet it seems unlikely that future generations will extract much aesthetic pleasure from Benton's big machines. They look like populist camp and are likely to keep



ARTIST THOMAS HART BENTON
A no-nonsense man.

doing so. Benton's revival has less to do with his art than with the grass-roots Americana he celebrated, which has gone forever. Besides, they don't make them like Thomas Hart Benton any more, not with that salt and crust and feistiness and scrappy bouncing bigotry. It is not much solace to reflect that we still have plenty of artists whose work, though in a different way, is just as rhetorical and simple-minded as his. ■ R.H.

BENTON'S *THE JEALOUS LOVER OF LONE GREEN VALLEY*



U.S. OF KANSAS MUSEUM OF ART



CLUB MÉDITERRANÉE VACATIONERS CRUISING IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES

MODERN LIVING

Doom Boom

Hemmed in by inflation, recession, the energy crunch and rising unemployment, middle-class Americans might logically be retrenching—or even digging trenches. In fact, the economic malaise seems to have generated an extraordinary happy-woe-lucky mood. As a laid-off Manhattan construction superintendent puts it: "I could have played out my savings and played safe, but I wanted to enjoy myself. This is the last great splurge." It could be called the Doom Boom.

Over the year-end holidays, the occupancy rate of more than 27,000 rooms in hotels and motels around Florida's Disney World reached 93%—and the superamusement center was so jam-packed it had to close its gates to visitors. In California, Disneyland was also doing record business. As of this week Broadway theater ticket sales are running \$6 million ahead of last year's level. Sales of costly Steinway pianos have hit a historic high C. At Stanley Korshak Inc., one of Chicago's most expensive dress shops, Vice President Stanley Korshak Jr. reports that business has been running 20% ahead of last year. "We're spending it while we have it," he says, adding: "When faced with uncertainty, we are liable to do strange things." Korshak, for one, has bought his first car in eight years and is going skiing at Vail.

Expensive Gems. In Boston, the city's only private indoor tennis club has closed its rolls, while its 1,300 members (at \$100 dues and \$10 per hour) fill eight courts 16 hours a day. Elegant jewelry stores in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles say that sales of expensive gems are better than ever. At the National Boat Show in Manhattan last month, sales and attendance were way up over

last year. Marvelled Managing Director Frank Scalpone: "These people don't care about money."

They do, in fact. Says Mrs. John Hellstrom, a stock analyst's wife and mother of two who lives in Morristown, N.J., "I shop much more carefully for food, but my husband and I don't care if it's not fancy. Recreation is more important, particularly because my husband works so hard."

Increasingly, recreation means travel. More and more Americans are taking cruises or jetting to the Caribbean. Explains Linda Winer, a veteran Boston travel agent who says she has never experienced such a busy year: "The same people who regard tuna and Sara Lee cake as luxury items, treat travel as a necessity. They just have to get away from it all. Lying under a palm tree all day with no cousins borrowing money, no phone ringing with bad news, and no *Wall Street Journal* every day to tell you how badly your stocks are doing, you can act like royalty and just pretend for a week."

Travel patterns have, however, been modified by the money crunch. As one agent says: "Travel to Europe is dead, but dead—killed by the high cost of European jaunts." At Winer's agency, 60% of all bookings in the past month have been to the Caribbean—at an average cost per couple of \$1,000. Jack Benjamin, a salesman in the languishing retail-garment trade, recently took his wife for a week at the Club Méditerranée in Martinique—a trip that set them back \$1,400. Now they have paid for a return visit to the same resort in March. When Harry Lack, a district court judge in Everett, Mass., and his wife decided to take a golfing trip to Paradise Island, Bahamas, they could have saved \$280 by booking into a charter

flight and considerably more cash by staying at one of the island's pleasant smaller hotels. Instead, they flew first class and booked into the pricey Britannia Beach Hotel. "I feel inflation like everyone else," says Mrs. Lack. "With the economy tight, I'm not getting a new car this year like I usually do, but we've always taken trips, so why stop now? You can't live in fear."

Many people do, in fact. At upper Michigan's Indian Head Mountain ski resort, where business is expected to be up 5% over its best previous year, General Manager Paul Karow ruminates: "We sit around and try to figure this out. Either our skiers refuse to believe the economy, or they have a doomsday syndrome: they think that they'll be in the breadlines next year." Meanwhile, on snowy slopes and silver beaches, middle-class Americans are engaging in the pursuit of happiness more passionately than ever.

The Sock-O Look

The past few years have been dull for leg watchers, frustrated by loose slacks and droopy skirts that conceal only drab gray and blah beige pantyhose. Suddenly, however, legs are coming alive in the dazzling burst of colors, stripes and patterns that characterizes the new sock-o look.

Flamboyant knee socks have been on sale for several years, but are now "in" as never before. The socks' success owes much to the recession, which has curbed clothing budgets; instead of buying a skirt, for example, many women are settling for snappy socks.

Even in warmer parts of the South and California—where knee socks are often more of an accessory than a necessity—sales are strong. "People aren't buying them because they're freezing," says Rochelle Toas, a salesclerk at Los Angeles' Potpourri boutique. "They are buying them because they're cute." In Atlanta, Donald Campbell, regional manager of the six Casual Corner shops in the area, complains that the peppy new socks "don't last on the floor more than a few days."

Hosiery designers—apparently long repressed—are now turning out such creations as shocking-purple knee socks that have motorcycles embellishing the ankles; other socks are covered with screaming psychedelic stripes or patterns that range from arrays of ladybugs to flotillas of balloons.

By far the best seller in the socks scene is a style known as the "toe sock" or "wiggler," which fits, glove-like, in between the toes. The toe look is so successful that one manufacturer, Bonnie Doon, will soon introduce a mitten sock that has one section for the big toe, another for the remaining digits.

The new colorful socks are made of wool or synthetics. They are most frequently worn with cork-soled, open-toed sandals or wedges, usually to top-

bottom-off jeans or a flared skirt. The most ardent socks supporters seem to be teens and the under-30 set, who love the fun and pizzazz of a flashy leg. In Ossining, N.Y., most of the high school girls wear the socks not only in the classroom, but with their gym shorts in physical education classes. They are equally popular in college. Says a Radcliffe student: "I feel bright and pepped up in loud socks. I like to call attention to myself. The other day I was in the library with my back turned to the main hall, and a friend of mine recognized me just by my socks." Adds Terry Giesen, 27, an employment manager at Manhattan's Lord & Taylor: "I pick out the oddest, ugliest pair I can find, then worry about something to wear with them. It's great to wear them under pants. Just enough shows so that people will say, 'Let me see those socks.'"

Men, too, are turning to the new socks, flashing bold and blaring ankles when they cross their legs. One student, Henry Griggs, currently taking a one-year breather from classes at Harvard, received a pair for Christmas with LOVE spelled across the toes. He showed them off in his Manhattan office, where he works as a taxi dispatcher. Says he: "The guys thought I was crazy."

Campy and Chic. What the guys obviously did not realize is that loud socks are now so stylish that even fashion pundits like Rosemary Kent at *Harper's Bazaar* enjoy exposing kaleidoscopic legs at dinner parties and at the theater. Says Kent: "The socks are campy and chic, and are as important to have as a Gucci belt or a Cartier watch." Or, at the very least, a mink toothbrush.

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Who Gets the Pink Slip?

Charles Watkins and three other young blacks are among nearly 200 workers who were laid off at a Continental Can Co. plant in Harvey, La. The layoffs were determined by the traditional seniority rule—last on the job, first to go—that is part of Continental's contract with the United Steelworkers. Normally no one would have a legal beef. But Watkins and his three buddies thought they had, and they went to court to prove it.

Prodded by the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Continental Can by 1971 had increased the number of blacks in the Harvey plant from two to more than 50 among its 400 regular employees. Now, because of the cutbacks, all but the original two black workers have been let go. Watkins and his friends contended that earlier discrimination against blacks meant that an ostensibly color-blind seniority rule was, in fact, a continuing color bar. Despite precedent to the contrary, a federal district court agreed. It ordered a remedy that would have the effect of moving junior blacks ahead of many senior whites. The company and the union objected, and last week the argument moved to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals.

New Life. What the court faces is one of the most complex and emotional issues to grow out of the current recession. Payrolls are being slashed everywhere, from factories to college campuses, and the newest arrivals are usually the first to be sent packing. In many cases, that means blacks and women. "If something is not done soon," says Yale Law Professor Clyde Summers, "we will be back to Square 1." But what can be done?

The difficulties begin with conflicts in the law. Title VII of the Civil Rights Act contains a general ban on hiring discrimination because of race or sex in all firms having more than 15 employees. But during the legislative debate, Title VII's floor managers made clear that the provision was meant to "have no effect on established seniority rights." Language to that effect was included in the law. Then a series of cases brought new life to the once moribund Civil Rights Act of 1866. That statute sweepingly outlaws all manner of racial discrimination—and makes no special exception for job seniority. And, in a major decision, the Supreme Court indicated that on-the-job practices that tend to foster discriminatory patterns can survive only if justified by "business necessity"—a rationale that may well not

cover the "last-hired, first-fired" rule.

Making matters worse is the Government's "affirmative action" policy. Federal regulations state that most organizations with \$50,000 or more in Government contracts must not only refrain from discriminating; if necessary, they must also establish "goals" for increased percentages of female and minority workers. Universities found themselves in particular trouble. On the one hand, they have had trouble finding enough qualified people to meet affirmative-action goals. On the other hand, affirmative action came under attack for its seeming bias against white males. Complaints were so strong that

that Jersey Central should seek to keep its work force as integrated as it was before the layoffs, perhaps by establishing three separate seniority lists—for minority workers, for women and for all others. The union lost no time filing an appeal. Indeed organized labor has taken the lead in defending contractual seniority. Says Lawyer Michael Gottesman, who argued for the union in the Watkins case last week: "Because older workers fare so badly in seeking other employment, it is not surprising that they cling desperately to the employment they have." Columbia Law Professor Harriet Rabb focuses on an opposing concern. "The victims of recession are those excluded in the first place," she says. "Affirmative-action programs have upset the traditional rules of hiring. They can upset the rules for layoffs as well."

"All of this poses a problem I wouldn't know how to solve," admits Berkeley's labor law expert David Feller. Various suggestions include work sharing, in which no one gets the pink slip but everyone has fewer hours on the job. Another is "inverse seniority," which would allow older employees, who have high, contractual unemployment benefits, to take the brunt of layoffs. The agricultural manufacturer, Deere & Co., has worked out such an arrangement on a voluntary basis. But volunteers can hardly provide a general answer. That will have to come from new legislation or the U.S. Supreme Court.

Big Jim's Laws

In the three years that he has been the U.S. Attorney for northern Illinois, James ("Big Jim") Thompson has won convictions of 239 errant politicians, cops and other public servants. Currently another 40 are under indictment; having put eleven different grand juries to work in recent months, Thompson cautiously predicts that 1975 "could be our biggest year." Big Jim's impressive score reflects the fact that he works in an area exceptionally rich in corruption. In addition, he and his aides have honed sharp weapons out of two statutes often overlooked by federal prosecutors.

Committed to cracking down on official corruption when he took the job, Thompson was well aware that such cases often present complicated proof problems. Bribery, conflict-of-interest and conspiracy prosecutions usually contain gray areas easily exploited by defense attorneys. Then Samuel Skinner, now Thompson's chief deputy, came across a 1941 case in Louisiana in which a federal mail-fraud statute was used to prosecute former associates of Huey Long. The defendants had happened to use the mail in the collection of inflated fees for a bond deal. Thomp-



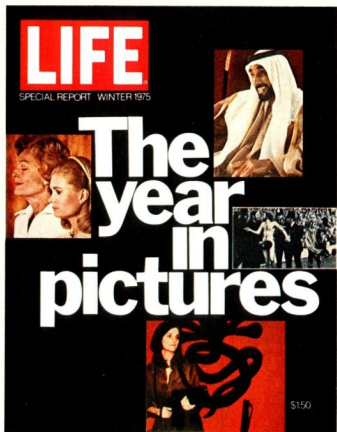
"How come we're always up in the front lines?"

the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was forced to announce in December that its regulations did not mean that a black or a woman teacher had to be hired over a more qualified white man. Nonetheless, schools are still under pressure to diversify their staffs. And all kinds of enterprises are in a quandary over how to formulate a policy for layoffs.

The Jersey Central Power & Light Co. last September asked a federal court how it could legally go about cutting 400 employees from its payroll. The utility had a seniority layoff agreement with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and an affirmative-action agreement with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. The court ruled that the EEOC should prevail and

1974.

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THE LAW

son's men looked closely and with growing delight. The law provided a maximum sentence of \$1,000 and five years for anyone who used the mail in any "scheme or artifice to defraud."

Members of Congress who wrote the basic language in 1909 had had checks and phony mail-order offers in mind, but Thompson's staff concluded that people could be defrauded out of their "right to honest government" as well. Trial and appeal courts agreed, as Thompson proceeded to use mail-fraud charges in the successful prosecutions of former Illinois Governor Otto Kerner, four Chicago aldermen, the former clerk of Cook County, Mayor Richard Daley's former press secretary and others.

Mailed Profits. To take advantage of the mail statute, the prosecution needed only to prove that the U.S. postal service was used to further a fraudulent act. Former mayoral Press Secretary Earl Bush, for example, was nailed for neglecting to reveal his ownership of an advertising company that held major contracts with O'Hare International Airport. Bush's \$202,000 in profits from the company were mailed to him.

Another old law in which Thompson found new possibilities was a 1934 extortion statute, originally aimed at strong-arm labor racketeers, which carries a 20-year maximum sentence. Big Jim turned the statute into a particularly potent law-enforcement weapon in



U.S. ATTORNEY THOMPSON

"A very easy way to prosecute."

a major 1973 case in the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals. Previously, prosecutors had expended considerable effort proving, say, that a policeman who had extorted payments from a tavern owner had used fear of violence or harassment to force his victim to pay. The appeals court bought Thompson's argument that the law did not deal only with fear of physical harm, but could be interpreted as covering threatened eco-

nomic damage as well. Another decision held that merely obtaining money improperly under "color of official right" was enough to establish extortion. With those decisions, the standard defense that the questionable deal had been a friendly, voluntary arrangement all but vanished.

Neat Concept. Now, says Thompson, the government can prosecute for extortion as well as for the lesser offense of bribery "and let the jury decide." So far juries have decided to convict 52 Chicago cops under the extortion laws and 32 suburban officials who got kickbacks for zoning favors.

Critics complain that Thompson has created new legislation. The mail-fraud statute, says Attorney James Coghlan, who defended Bush, "is in the nature of an ex post facto law." Warren Wolfson, who represented a Kerner co-defendant, adds that with the current unpopularity of officials, "the danger is that the power to indict is becoming the same as the power to convict." But Thompson's people are undeterred. "It is a very easy way to prosecute," agrees Anton Valukas, chief of Thompson's special investigation division. The laws may not have been originally meant for the purpose that they now serve, but both happen to frame neatly the concept that by misusing their public position, officials are cheating the people. That is something jurors can grasp easily.

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Supreme Court Surprises

Warren Burger's Supreme Court continues to defy the prediction that it would be resolutely conservative and restrictionist. Its rulings are often surprising and innovative. Two from last week:

► "Woman is still regarded as the center of home and family life," intoned a majority of Earl Warren's court 13 years ago, as it refused to require states to treat men and women alike in calls for jury service. Last year Billy J. Taylor, a Louisiana man convicted of rape and kidnaping, raised the issue again; he pointed out that the state did not include women in jury pools unless they volunteered, and argued that this practice violated his Sixth Amendment right to a jury drawn from a cross section of the community. Much has changed in 13 years. Citing the "evolving nature of the structure of the family unit," Byron White spoke for an 8-to-1 majority reversing the thrust of the earlier decision. If "a fair cross section of the community" once did not necessarily include women, said White, "this is not the case today." The handful of other states that tend to discourage female jurors will now be forced to change. But the decision has broader impact. It gives a philosophical boost to the feminist concept of total equality between the sexes.

► The court's second important decision of the week involved public school discipline, and Dissenter Lewis Powell, speaking for the other three Nixon appointees, was deeply alarmed by the majority's decision. A former school-board chairman in Richmond, Powell decried the court's "unprecedented intrusion into the process of elementary and secondary education." Unprecedented perhaps, but did the ruling really call for any revolutionary changes in U.S. school administration? The case concerned nine students who had been summarily suspended for up to ten days by their principals in Columbus during 1971 racial disturbances. Their right to get an education had been unconstitutionally infringed upon, they said, and a five-man majority of the court agreed. Public school officials throughout the U.S., said the Justices, must henceforth inform any alleged offender of the evidence and charges against him, and then give him a chance to "tell his side of the story." The procedure can be informal—perhaps a face-to-face talk—but it must precede any suspension unless the student's presence poses a continuing threat of disruption. As for the dissenters' worries about the effects on education, Byron White pointed out that "we have [only] imposed requirements which are, if anything, less than a fair-minded principal would impose upon himself to avoid unfair suspensions." White did go on to indicate, however, that the court is likely to rule in a pending case that "more formal" regulations are necessary for expulsions or suspensions of longer than ten days.

Gift of Tongues

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Lust, reasoned the Marquis de Sade, is responsible for ambition, cruelty, avarice and revenge. A couple of centuries before, William Shakespeare had said the same thing, only better, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a sensual, even savage, account of the lunacy of love. Four sexually infatuated Athenians make fools of themselves and try to murder one another, while jealous Oberon casts a spell on unfaithful Titania that leads her to bed down with an ass. With characteristic perversity, Shakespeare presented this demonic fantasy as an ode to nature, one of his loveliest flights of lyric poetry.

In 1970 Peter Brook stripped the *Dream* bare to reveal a contemporary parable, freeing the play at last from its wrappings of earlier sentimentality—productions shrouded in tulle and Mendelssohn. Post-Brook directors have no choice but to grapple with this evolution. It is a task clearly beyond Edward Berkley, who has directed the revival at Joseph Papp's Newhouse Theater in Manhattan. He has interred the play in 20th century sentimentality. The actors do their own thing, and the play becomes farce. Unloved Helena is a coy baby-talker and Poltergeist Puck a Harlem Globetrotter; the fairy attendants are reduced to midgets, and Bottom blots into a wisecracking ham.

Cheap laughs won in this easy way merely emphasize Shakespeare's use of characters as megaphones. His words are what matter, and of the cast only Oberon (George Hearn) and Titania (Kathleen Widdoes) can get their tongues round blank verse. This raises an overdue point. William Shakespeare has done a lot for Joseph Papp. Surely, Papp could return the compliment and insist that actors be given voice lessons when he mounts a Shakespeare play at one of the seven Manhattan theaters under his dominion.

■ Gina Mailer

Imps of the Perverse

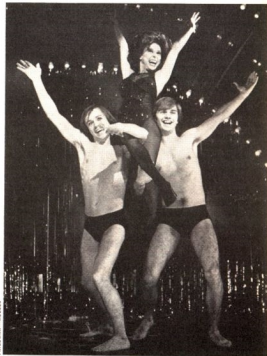
THE RITZ
by TERENCE McNALLY

In the past few seasons, "the love that dare not speak its name" has become one of the compulsive chatterboxes of the New York stage. Homosexuality surfaced as an acceptable theme with Mart Crowley's 1968 humane comedy, *The Boys in the Band*. This was followed by a number of dramas that waxed soulful on the ecstasy-torment of being gay or the purgative honesty (*Find Your Way Home*) of admitting gayness and acting upon it. Most of these plays

THE THEATER

were visual testimonials to bodybuilding exercises and auditory proof of acute self-pity but, for all their vibrations, no great shakes as drama. Now the cycle has gone far enough for Terence McNally to reduce it to farce, a genre that depends on the humanly uninvolved mechanics of frivolity.

McNally's towel-clad "Kartoon Comics" frequent the Ritz Baths, a gay rendezvous complete with steam bath, tiny cubicles for man-to-man trysts and a third-rate entertainer, Googie Gomez, a thrush with a condor's appetite for stardom. As the chanteuse, Rita Moreno is a comic earthquake ranking ten



MORENO & TWO COMPANIONS OF THE BATH
Toujours gai.

on the Richter scale, though her Puerto Rican accent renders some of her lines unintelligible.

A fat, balding Cleveland garbage-disposal contractor, on the lam from his wife's mobster brother, takes refuge among the Ritz's imps of the perverse. What follows is a bedlam of straight-gay confrontations. Robert Drivas directs with manic speed and lashings of hysteria, perhaps recognizing that if this show stops for a minute, it may never start up again. In *The Ritz*, McNally abandons the idiosyncratic comic vision he brought to *Bad Habits* (TIME, Feb. 18, 1974) in favor of old vaudeville and burlesque routines. Still, there are plenty of laughs left in those, whichever way you swing.

■ T.E. Koley

RELIGION

Evangelicals Unite

Roman Catholics look to the Vatican, Eastern Christians to their patriarchates, and liberal Protestants, to some extent, to the World Council of Churches. But the Evangelical Protestants of the world have no symbolic center. Their periphery, however, is vast and expanding.

Though the U.S. makes up the largest component of this empire, Evangelicalism is a worldwide movement that includes tens of millions of people of nearly every persuasion, from Anglicans to Fundamentalists. While the more liberal Protestants embrace many theologies, Evangelicals are united on a core of orthodox beliefs and take literally the biblical injunction to "proclaim the good news to the whole creation." They are now fielding more missionaries than ever before and have little trouble attracting hundreds of thousands of followers to their crusades.

Some effort toward forming an organization was made last summer when 2,400 leaders from 150 countries converged for an Evangelical congress in Lausanne (TIME, Aug. 5).^{*} Last week in Mexico City, 41 members of the Continuation Committee that was authorized at Lausanne held their first meeting. To the world's pre-eminent Evangelical, Billy Graham, it came at a strategic time. Claiming that some lib-

erals have, in effect, set up a new competing religion, he told the committee that "Evangelicalism has been raised up of God as a vigorous reaffirmation of historic first century Christianity."

Individualists all, Evangelicals are loath to construct a bureaucracy, and many of them think that church movements should adopt a low profile at a time when the secular world seems hypnotized by power. Nonetheless, after days of debate in Mexico City, the committee set up a loose minimal structure. More important, they decided to appoint a full-time executive secretary and offered the job to a Third World churchman, the Rev. Gottfried B. Osei-Mensah, 40, pastor of the Nairobi Baptist Church in Kenya. Once a sales engineer with Mobil Oil in Ghana, Osei-Mensah holds a bachelor of science degree from Birmingham University and worked for the Pan-African Fellowship of Evangelical Students for five years before taking the Nairobi congregation.

Tottering Orders. The appointment underscored the importance of Third World churches in the Lausanne movement. So did the address to the Continuation Committee by Billy Graham, who was named honorary chairman of the fellowship. Noting that more than 200 African, Asian and Latin American boards are now sending out missionaries of their own to spread the gospel, Graham said: "It is our opportunity to help these new societies to channel missionaries into countries where we as Westerners cannot now go." The exclusion of Westerners and the tottering of old political orders should be considered a challenge, said Graham. "We must capitalize on the spirit of unrest and change throughout the world." As for developing an Evangelicalism that is not controlled by the First World, Graham reminded his listeners that "Jesus Christ was not a Westerner."

Tidings

► The Gallup poll has mixed news about the strength of U.S. religion. Since 1970 there has been a marked increase, from 14% to 31%, in the number of people who think religion is gaining in influence. However, a majority (56%) still think that religion's influence is declining. In the same survey, Gallup found a hefty 62% who believe that religion can answer all or most of mankind's problems. But that is well below the 81% who thought the same back in 1957.

► After his wife was shot dead by a deranged man during Sunday services last June, the Rev. Martin Luther King Sr., pastor of Atlanta's Ebenezer Baptist Church for 44 years, decided to retire. The pulpit made famous by his son and co-pastor, the late Martin Lu-



NEW BAPTIST JOSEPH ROBERTS
Consenting to immersion.

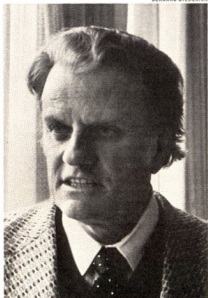
ther King Jr., would have been a choice appointment for one of the thousands of black Baptist preachers in the U.S. Instead, at "Daddy" King's urging, the church chose Joseph L. Roberts, 39, an able social-action executive with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern) who had often preached at Ebenezer. That raised one small doctrinal problem. As an infant, Roberts had been baptized only by sprinkling. In order to become a full member of the Baptist church, he was totally immersed by King as the choir sang *Amazing Grace*. The Presbyterians will soon decide whether new Baptist Roberts can continue to hold membership in both denominations.

► The Vatican is the latest victim to complain of economic woes. Last week Jean Cardinal Villot, the Secretary of State, revealed that Pope Paul had named a special commission to trim expenses, after rejecting the proposed 1975 budget as being too costly. One factor in the budget was new pay raises in response to Rome's severe inflation. Nuns on the Vatican switchboard will get salaries of \$238 a month, and cardinals who head congregations, \$1,086 a month. As to how its investment portfolio was faring, the Vatican was as tight-lipped as ever.

► It was an awkward place to die. The Bishop of Montauban, Roger Tort, 56, was found dead from a heart attack in the hallway of a hotel frequented by prostitutes in Paris' Rue St. Denis area. Just eight months ago, the renowned Jean Cardinal Daniélou died at the age of 69 in the apartment of a young Parisian who reportedly worked in a cabaret, and the church ignored demands that it investigate. But last week François Cardinal Marty, archbishop of Paris, ordered a special church commission to look into the "exact circumstances" of Tort's demise.

^{*}No Catholics are part of the Lausanne fellowship, although some people consider the burgeoning Pentecostal movement in the Roman Catholic Church and its small counterpart in Eastern Orthodoxy as Evangelical.

BERNARD DIEDERICH



BILLY GRAHAM IN MEXICO CITY
Capitalizing on unrest.

Nursing Homes Under Fire

It is no secret that, with some notable exceptions, the nation's 23,000 nursing homes are dismal places owned by investors far more interested in turning a fast profit than in caring for their elderly patients. Ralph Nader's group described nursing homes with depressing accuracy in a 1970 report. Mary Mendelson, a Cleveland community-planning consultant, exposed the industry's seamy side last spring in her well-researched book *Tender Loving Greed* (TIME, June 3). Last week nursing homes were once again under scrutiny, this time by federal and state investigators. In Manhattan, a subcommittee of the U.S. Senate Special Committee on Aging opened hearings into charges of abuses and irregularities in New York nursing homes and got a glimpse of just how badly the elderly are often treated. In the opening session of the hearings, health department inspectors told of elderly patients confined to filthy, unchanged beds, given wrong diets and medications and being generally ignored until their conditions were critical.

The New York investigation centers around Bernard Bergman, 63, a Hungarian-born Manhattan rabbi (without congregation) who is involved in the operation of a disputed number of nursing homes in the area. A series of recent probes made headlines when Andrew Stein, a state assemblyman whose commission on living costs has been study-

ing the nursing-home industry, charged widespread padding of Medicare and Medicaid bills submitted from a number of homes, including Bergman's. According to New York's secretary of state Mario Cuomo, Bergman's homes not only mistreated their patients but defrauded the state of Medicaid funds by submitting false and inflated bills. Stein also charged that Bergman's powerfully placed friends in the state legislature had impeded earlier investigations.

Essential Investigation. Bergman indignantly denied the charges. Appearing before the Senate committee, he insisted that the homes with which he was connected were well run and accused investigators of resorting to McCarthy-like tactics to smear him.

The committee produced little solid evidence against Bergman, but witnesses did document the dreadful conditions that prevail in many homes. A physician from Morrisania City Hospital said that patients were frequently brought to the emergency room in a coma from dehydration because no one bothered to see that they drank water. They were also dangerously debilitated by infected bedsores that developed when they were left lying neglected on coarse sheets. A nurse, who worked as an inspector for the New York City health department, reported that a nursing home had failed to notify officials of a serious diarrhea epidemic. A surprise inspection of the home's kitchen revealed that patients were being given milk that should have been used at least a week earlier. This same inspection found excrement on the floors in

patients' rooms and other equally unsanitary conditions.

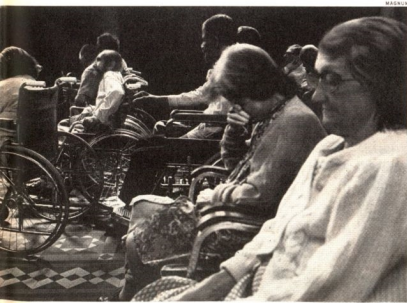
Other investigations, meanwhile, were confirming a familiar story: society, families and the medical profession have not really met their obligations to the elderly. Many nursing homes are overcrowded and understaffed and offer little medical attention to their patients; substandard conditions and financial skulduggery are common throughout the industry. In Illinois, for example, the mysterious deaths of several nursing-home patients in Lake County triggered a legislative investigation that could expand to cover the entire state. In California, the office of the city attorney and the bureau of consumer affairs are planning a joint probe of Los Angeles nursing homes and hope to publish a consumer's guide to care facilities for the elderly. A federal investigation now under way in New Jersey led to the indictment of one nursing-home operator for fraud; a grand jury was expected to hand up similar indictments against others. In New York, the state health department moved to close 62 of the state's homes for fire-safety violations.

These inquiries are essential. Few businesses need investigation more than the nursing-home industry, which is controlled, to a large extent, by interlocking ownerships and gets \$3.5 billion in federal, state and private funds to care for about a million patients each year. But scrutiny is not enough. Government agencies have investigated nursing homes countless times in recent years. What they have failed to do is follow up the inquiries with more effective regulation.

Herpes Hazard

People who suffer from recurrent cold sores are constantly on the lookout for a way of curing these harmless but unsightly excrescences. The *Medical Letter*, an independent publication written by physicians for physicians, suggests that one treatment may be worse than the affliction.

Doctors had recently discovered that sores caused by the herpes simplex viruses could be cleared up quickly if they were painted with a photoactive, or light-sensitive dye, then exposed to fluorescent light (TIME, July 12, 1971). But new research with animals suggests that people with herpes might do better to avoid such treatments. Although the dyes, which have not been approved by the FDA, can reduce the infectiousness of herpes viruses, they may produce potentially deadly changes as well. In tests on hamster cells, the dyes apparently caused changes in the viruses that enabled them to transform normal cells into malignant ones.



ELDERLY PATIENTS IN WHEELCHAIRS IN NEW YORK NURSING HOME
Substandard conditions and financial skulduggery.

Editorial Cartoons: Capturing the Essence

"Boss" Tweed, corrupt Tammany chief of the 1860s, raised little objection when muckraking reporters prowled city hall. What the papers wrote had no meaning, Tweed liked to boast; his constituency was illiterate. The only criticism that ever bothered or threatened him, the Boss confessed, was "them damn pictures."

Thomas Nast's editorial cartoons were worth fearing; the savage caricatures showed Tweed variously as a vulture, a bag of money and, when Nast had sufficiently aroused the civic conscience, a felon in prison stripes.

A century of history has brought little change. Corruption is still ubiquitous—but so, happily, is the editorial cartoon, grinning out from banks of gray prose. In about 16 square inches, that journalistic institution still manages to encapsulate crises, expose pretensions and eviscerate swollen egos—all with a few well-drawn strokes. Two new paperback editions underscore the point. On the far side of history, *Thomas Nast: Cartoons & Illustrations* (Dover) reveals a mature artist whose work could exhibit the bite of Daumier and the mordant wit of Twain. His meticulous crosshatching created three ineradicable symbols: the Democratic Donkey, the Republican Elephant and the Tammany Tiger. Nast's gentler conceptions of John Bull, Uncle Sam and even Santa Claus are the ones that most artists still sedulously ape. On the near side, *Herb Block's State of the Union* (Viking/Compass) presents the dean of contemporary cartoonists, Herbert Block, drawing—and quartering—his favorite quarry: Government waste, pomposity, fat-cat lobbyists, and last and by all means lost, the Nixon Administration.

Between these two masters, a hundred years' worth of artists have passed in review. A few remain in the memory because of a Pulitzer Prize or an anthologized work; the bulk have been forgotten. Yet anyone who peruses ancient journals knows that if nothing is as old as yesterday's news, nothing seems fresher than its editorial cartoon. In satirizing events and event makers, the cartoon refines material until only the ridiculous essence remains. Circumstances impossible in the real world are staged upon the cartoonist's proscenium: the politician comes face to face with his broken promises, hypocrisy assumes a human face, fingers are pointed, blame is fixed, responsibility attached to recognizable figures.

Such onslaughts have their liabilities. The cartoon's first obligation is to be pithy; faces and facts may be stretched to fit a gag. Editorial artists work best against rather than for something, and not every issue is as black and white as the drawing proclaims. That lack of shading and subtlety obviously influenced New York *Times* Founder Adolph Ochs when he kept sketches from his paper's editorial page—a tradition that was maintained today. "A cartoon," Ochs said

to have complained, "cannot say 'On the other hand.'"

On the other hand, a cartoon can do what prose cannot. It can sometimes elicit action by overstating—and overheating—an issue: Daniel R. Fitzpatrick's unsavory smog-laden cartoons helped clean up St. Louis' air back in the 1950s. It can provide a graphic perspective on this or any other time: Thomas Nast's cartoon of the U.S. contending with inflation might have been inked yesterday instead of in 1876. And the cartoon can provide a time capsule for the historian. New York *Times* Columnist William V. Shannon offers a sound, if wistful, prophecy when he foresees that "a hundred years from now, Herblock will be read and his cartoons admired by everyone trying to understand these strange times."

In fact, cartoons help illuminate all strange times. Of all the publications of the Foreign Policy Association, none enjoys the immediacy of its *A Cartoon History of United States Foreign Policy Since World War I*. In an introduction, Political Analyst Richard H. Rovere acknowledges the ability of certain cartoons to provide "flashes of extraordinary insight and political prescience." In this category he places a David Low cartoon of 1939. Hitler bows to Stalin: "The scum of the earth, I believe." Stalin returns the courtesy: "The bloody assassin of the workers, I presume." Recalls Rovere: "It took most of us more than 20 years to catch up with the truth captured by Low—that where ideology and national interest are in conflict, national interest prevails."

Low was the last of the great British cartoonists. But even at his apogee he seldom surpassed the best of his American colleagues. *A Cartoon History* offers compelling work of artists representing the whole ideological spectrum. On the political left are some superlative efforts from the World War II years: William Gropper's fascists, consuming the globe for dinner, and Saul Steinberg's Hitler, portrayed as a constipated hen. The progressives are matched in temper and tone by conservatives of the '50s: Joseph Parrish's conception of the U.N. as a Trojan horse, brimming with "alien spies"; Reg Manning's portrayal of General MacArthur's head hemmed in by toppers belonging to The Appeasing Diplomats.

It would be the grossest distortion to pretend that editorial cartoonists are all Goyas in a hurry. Nothing inspires bromides like a deadline. Artists against the clock have too often relied on labels and fatigued metaphors to make their point. Back in 1925, *The New Yorker* lampooned the journeyman cartoonist with his crayed-out clichés: the literalized Sea of Public Indignation; the bearded Radical; the masked thief with his tag of Crime Wave; the debt-ridden Commuter.

Happily, such pictures are beginning to find less favor with readers—and with cartoonists. Says Bill Mauldin, at 53

"Well, now . . . I expect you boys will want to reorder." (1967)



The Strategists (1966)



Hemmed in (1951)



TIME ESSAY



(1974)

a 35-year veteran of the editorial page: "Cartoons are getting better, more and more away from labels. Readers are more savvy. It is less and less necessary to put names on things. The trend is more interesting drawing, less complicated captions." To sharpen his point, Mauldin spent last semester teaching a course in his profession at Yale. "I deliberately started with a nondrawing bunch," recalls the most technically proficient cartoonist of his generation. "What counts is the thinking. A drawing with authority helps give authority to an idea, but there's no way a weak idea can make a good cartoon." Don Wright, Pulitzer-prizewinning cartoonist of the *Miami News*, agrees. "The editorial cartoon has become a welcome relief from some of the ponderous, elitist, overwritten poepry that typifies so many editorial pages today."

Wright's judgment has been accepted by many editors who know that, of all features, the editorial cartoon is the least imitable by TV. Cartoonists have been encouraged to explore new forms: Jules Feiffer's psychiatric monologues have spawned a generation of imitators; Garry Trudeau's campus favorite, *Doonesbury*, is bringing politics back to the comic strip. Moreover, because cartoons are a major journalistic attraction, editors are often tolerant of artistic statements that would not be welcome in a prose piece. Says Herblock: "A lot of newspapers run my stuff even though they don't agree with me. They feel it's a signed piece of work, an example of personal opinion." This liberty has brought U.S. editorial cartooning to something of a rebirth. It is a renaissance with too few galleries; the great epoch of newspapers is gone and with it, many of the journals that carried the art of the great cartoonists. Yet the work somehow finds space in the surviving dailies, in magazines and in student publications. At its freest, contemporary cartooning in the U.S. steadily out-



Shake its gory locks at them until they make it vanish. (1876)



"Call Mrs. Beard's doctor—there's been a terrible accident." (1972)

shines work anywhere else in the world. No country now produces corrosive lampoons equal to Patrick Oliphant's vaudeville sketches or Paul Conrad's acidulous critiques. The competition for attention may have reduced the impact of graphic art everywhere. Yet the cartoon seems to be gaining influence. No photograph damaged Lyndon Johnson so much as David Levine's waspish drawing of L.B.J. lifting his shirt to reveal a gall bladder scar—in the shape of Viet Nam. Richard Nixon once admitted, "I wouldn't start the morning by looking at Herblock." Even President Ford, gazing forlornly at a gallery of U.S. political cartoons, recently conceded, "The pen is mightier than the politician."

It is likely to remain so. The mood of the nation is skepticism, not credulity. The appetite for the cartoon is whetted. International and local tensions call for caricature, not portrait. Today, more than a score of editorial cartoonists answer that demand—and answer it with astonishing quality. These artists fulfill the difficult prerequisites that Historian Allan Nevins lays down for their work: "Wit and humor; truth, at least one side of the truth; and moral purpose." After 100 years, the nation that nurtured Nast can be proud of his successors.

That, of course, is an ambiguous compliment. If U.S. cartoonists are nonpareil, might it be because they never lack for objects of derision? Is it because shortages, recession, political scandals and assorted other follies provide a perpetual platform for anyone with a grease pencil and a sense of humor? Whatever the reasons, the editorial cartoon is one of America's liveliest and most permanent art forms. As Watergate proved, politics cannot eradicate or even tame journalism. As subsequent events have demonstrated, the reverse is also true. Them damn pictures are likely to enliven the next hundred years—and more.

■ Stefan Kanfer

A Question of Honor (1974)



The People try to get the White House viewpoint. (1941)



Rendezvous (1939)



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| | Percentage of Total Income | Amount |
|--|----------------------------|---------------------|
| INCOME: | | |
| Public support: | | |
| Sponsorship contributions | 80.3% | \$23,011,723 |
| Other | 11.3 | 3,229,105 |
| Bequests | 1.2 | 359,261 |
| Total Public Support | 92.8% | \$26,600,089 |
| Other support: | | |
| Contributions from Christian Children's Fund of Canada | 6.1% | \$ 1,736,485 |
| Grants from foreign governments | — | 10,723 |
| Total Other Support | 6.1% | \$ 1,747,208 |
| Total Support | 98.9% | \$28,347,297 |
| OTHER INCOME: | | |
| Investment income | 1.2% | \$ 351,110 |
| Gain (loss) on investment transactions | (0.4) | (110,748) |
| Gain on sale of property | 0.3 | 80,342 |
| Miscellaneous | — | (2,588) |
| Total Other Income | 1.1% | \$ 318,116 |
| TOTAL INCOME | 100.0% | \$28,665,413 |
| EXPENSES: | | |
| Program services: | | |
| Assistance to homeless children | 10.9% | \$ 3,119,215 |
| Family support and services | 64.8 | 18,568,962 |
| Program administration | 5.8 | 1,671,533 |
| Total Program Services | 81.5% | \$23,359,710 |
| Supporting Services: | | |
| Management and general | 8.7% | \$ 2,504,971 |
| Fund raising | 9.5 | 2,712,574 |
| Total Supporting Services | 18.2% | \$ 5,217,545 |
| TOTAL EXPENSES | 99.7% | \$28,577,255 |
| EXCESS (DEFICIENCY) OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES | 0.3% | \$ 88,158 |

This summary was prepared from the report of the independent certified public accountants.

Catcher in the Reich

MOE BERG: ATHLETE, SCHOLAR, SPY
by LOUIS KAUFMAN, BARBARA FITZGERALD
and TOM SEWELL
274 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

In the fall of 1934, as members of America's touring all-star baseball team arrived at Tokyo Station, crowds of Japanese fans began to cheer: "Banzai, Babe Ruth! Banzai, Lou Gehrig! Banzai, Jimmy Foxx! ... Banzai, Moe Berg!"

Moe Berg?

It is astonishing that in a sport whose devoted followers can recall such trivia as Fenton Mole's lifetime batting average, the name Moe Berg seems all but forgotten. Casey Stengel called him "the strangest fellow who ever put on a uniform." The strange thing was that Berg played major league baseball at all. Unlike Stengel, who it is said became a ballplayer after discovering that he was a lefthanded dentistry student in a world of righthanded dental equipment, Berg was suited to do just about anything. He had an IQ that could not have been too far behind his career batting average of .243. He was competent in a dozen languages, including Latin and Sanskrit. He held a law degree and even practiced for a few off-seasons on Wall Street. He was charming, good-looking, witty and a connoisseur of wine, women and string quartets. He kept a tuxedo in his locker. He was also a bit mysterious.

A-Bomb Race. Just how mysterious is now told in this biography, which claims that Moe Berg was not only the smartest man who ever wore spikes but also the U.S.'s most important atomic spy during World War II. Working for OSS in Switzerland and behind enemy lines, Berg gathered information that determined Germany's progress toward building a nuclear bomb. He was also able to learn the whereabouts of labs and reactors and the identities of Hitler's leading atomic scientists. The authors raise the possibility that Berg may even have assassinated a few, and that he had orders to kill Werner Heisenberg during a lecture visit to Switzerland if the great German physicist was discovered to be participating in Hitler's A-bomb race.

Berg never spoke of his spy experiences to friends or relatives, and he refused to detail his OSS missions even for Government records. His secrets were probably lost forever when, in May 1972, Berg died at the age of 70 from injuries suffered in a fall at his bachelor apartment in Newark, N.J.

Berg grew up in that city, the son of an immigrant Russian Jewish pharmacist. At Princeton, he excelled in romance languages and stopping balls as the varsity shortstop. Berg lacked con-

fidence that he could make it in the majors, but he reasoned that baseball was the most enjoyable way to earn enough money to study phonetics at the Sorbonne. The Brooklyn Dodgers, who probably thought Berg had said something about liking sour buns, offered him a \$5,000 contract.

As a rookie in 1923, Berg proved to be a great glove, a slow runner and a weak bat. The standard line on Moe was that he could speak many languages but couldn't hit in any of them. But as a catcher with the Chicago White Sox and later with the Boston Red Sox, he made a place for himself in the major leagues. "I spent years attempting to master a number of foreign languages," he said, "and what happens? I turn out to be a catcher and am reduced to sign language on the ballfield."

No catcher ever wore the tools of ignorance more ironically. At times Berg's knowledge seemed inexhaustible. He once got a lost busload of players to the game by celestial navigation. In 1938 he hit 1,000 as a guest panelist on the radio quiz show *Information Please*. Yet he shared rather than flaunted his learning. Arthur Daley, the late New York *Times* sports columnist, recalled that his friendship with Berg began when the catcher gently corrected his pronunciation of "façade." For reasons best known to sportswriters, Daley had said "facard."

Doolittle Raid. Berg's personal habits were also fastidious. Off the field he always wore black suits, white shirts and black ties. His dark hair was always plastered in place. His relationship with newspapers seems to have been practically fetishistic. He bought domestic and foreign dailies regularly and would not read a paper if it had been read by anyone else. "Don't touch, don't touch, they're alive," he told visitors. "After I've read them, they'll be dead, and then you may have them."

Berg, it appears, was driven not by one but two demons: a desire for academic excellence rooted in the bookish traditions of his family, and a love for baseball endemic to an American boyhood. To become a college professor or a lawyer must not have been much of a challenge to Berg. But to enter the American mainstream as a professional athlete, and later as a member of an elite espionage unit, must have been a wild dream come true. His life as a spy was unsuspected until a few years after his 1934 Japan tour when he asked Pitcher Lefty Gomez to send any snapshots he had taken in Tokyo on to Washington. The pictures that Berg himself had taken were used in the Doolittle

MOE BERG AS A WHITE SOX, 1929



BERG WITH FRIEND IN JAPAN, 1934;
LOU GEHRIG IN BACKGROUND

BOOKS

raid. In addition to his World War II spying, he was also active in getting to German scientists before the Russians did. After the war he was a CIA consultant on satellite science but spent most of his time filling what few gaps were left in his language studies.

Given the nature of Moe Berg's secret life and modest personality, it is not surprising that this biography is strong on color but a little patchy in form and substance. Yet the book is an incontestably fascinating resurrection of a true major leaguer—a man who defied the law of levity as laid down by Ring Lardner and enforced by generations of sportswriters who believed that with the exception of spit-ball pitchers, a baseball player ceased to be interesting from the neck up.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

The Last Bookman

THE EVENING COLONNADE

by CYRIL CONNOLLY

469 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$15.

Your leather-bound classics with the cut India-leaf pages are hopelessly water-stained—those that did not sink on the coral reef coming in. And so the hypothetical question has become not what one Great Book but what one Great Reader would you want to be shipwrecked with on a desert island. For the past four decades, the right answer for the literate Robinson Crusoe has been Cyril Connolly, who died last November at the age of 70.

He was the author of one witty novel (*The Rock Pool*) and a rather indescribable, rather marvelous volume of quotations, moody autobiography and black-Irish philosophy he called *The Unquiet Grave*. But by temperament and profession he was above all that obsolescent specimen, The Bookman. The bulk of his writing, like this last collection, was in the form of reviews. Posed against a floor-to-ceiling bookcase with his snub-nose schoolboy's impertinent face, he seemed as much in his natural habitat as a leprechaun in front of a bog.

No other critic, with the possible exception of Edmund Wilson, was so persuasive in coaxing readers to rush out and buy the book he himself had just read. But while Wilson made his readers feel it was their duty as civilized men, Connolly made any recommendation look like a pleasure no hedonist could afford to miss.

Pressed Flower. The son of an avid shell collector, Connolly had a passion for classifying. He invented categories of style—for instance, mandarin (Samuel Johnson, Henry James, and all those who don't write as they talk, including, of course, Connolly). His lifetime hobby was drawing up lists of those who made literature what it is today, culminating in that half book, half catalogue, *The Modern Movement*. Connolly loved the sweeping judgment: "The greatest

single poem of the first half of the twentieth century..." turns out to be the *Four Quartets*. "If there is one key book of the twentieth century..."—a clause which, with Connolly, can lead only to Proust. But despite all those reviews in the *Observer* and then the *Sunday Times* of London, he was not primarily a critic. He was always being something less or something more: a gossip, an anecdotalist or, more often, an essayist. Here he is, taking off from the Gide-Paul Valéry letters: "Letters are most alive when freshly delivered in the sender's handwriting, something perishes when they are typed, more when they are printed, most of all when they are translated. Finally we are left with a well-pressed flower from the original blossom, a silent film of a lifelong tennis

TOPIS



ESSAYIST CYRIL CONNOLLY
Indispensable leprechaun.

match without the sound of the rallies, the oaths and the endearments."

Books always led Connolly to authors. If he loved books generically as things, he loved writers generically as people. "I could never see enough of him," he recalls of Eliot. At Eton or Oxford he was a schoolmate of George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, Graham Greene. As founder and editor of *Horizon* (1939-45)—one of the most distinguished little magazines of its day and perhaps the most entertaining ever—he worked with contributors like W.H. Auden, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Koestler, Dylan Thomas, Jean-Paul Sartre. He knew Ernest Hemingway; he knew Scott Fitzgerald. "Genet," he confesses, "must be about the only writer I have refused to meet."

Connolly wrote about writers as a race apart, glorified by high quests, humiliated by excruciating failures. Drink, loneliness, writer's block—he recited the weaknesses and charted the hells of the

guild as no other contemporary writer has done, except that fellow Irishman, Fitzgerald.

His general reputation was for being a terror. "For being," in his own words, "malicious, indiscreet and sadistic." And yet, he wrote, only partly in irony. "I am full of affection, geniality and sweetness." He made a career of putting his worst foot forward, but his secret virtues may have been as real as his public vices. "I love"—the phrase occurs again and again, even with reference to Alexander Pope.

All his life Connolly put on an act. He played the gifted failure, the cleverest boy in the class who could have stood first if only he had cared to. "The hatred of one's own voice is the beginning of wisdom," he wrote. How he tried to invent a voice he could like.

Perpetually the Irishman in exile whose ideal workshop was a hotel room in the south of France, Connolly never found his persona, as he never tired of telling the world. But now that he has gone—this funny, learned character, the Last Bookman—the question his old readers raise seems to belie his claim to failure. Who, they ask themselves, will replace him?

■ Melvin Maddocks

Terminal Echoes

THANK YOU, FOG

by W.H. AUDEN

59 pages. Random House. \$6.

"A writer gives himself away all the time anyway," W.H. Auden once pointed out. "He has no important secrets." Certainly the secrets in this poet's heart were well known by the time he died two falls ago. Auden's evolution from anger to acceptance, from wrathful condemnation of prewar society ("that confabulation of weasels at the next table") to rueful contemplation of self, was one of the best articulated literary odysseys ever taken.

If there are no secrets in this volume, there are no surprises either. How could there be? These are the handful of poems that Auden wrote between the time he went back to England after 31 years in the New World and the time of his death. It is the familiar, autumnal Auden speaking: student of fleshly decay, writer of thank-you notes, urbane scold, expert at anamnesis, a celebrator of the numinous past that raises nostalgia almost to the level of ritual.

Retransplanted to Britain, the poet praises animals at the expense of men ("you have never felt the need to become literate... never kill for applause"). He is pleased to encounter again on his native turf that "unsullied sister of Smog," good old English Fog. In a mini-autobiography he offers thanks to helpful friends and models (among them: Hardy, Dylan Thomas, Frost, Yeats, Brecht, Kierkegaard, Goethe and Horace). Plato, however, rates a putdown ("I can't imagine anything/

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Ms. Stuart is an Instructor of Music at Simpson, where she earned her B.A. Dr. Robert L. Larsen, artistic director of the festival, is chairman of Simpson's Division of Fine Arts.

Regional opera in the heart of corn country? One reviewer said Butterfly "soars to ecstatic heights" and later called the staging of Robert

Ward's "The Crucible" an "opera grand slam." (And the reviewer is generally not given to excesses.)

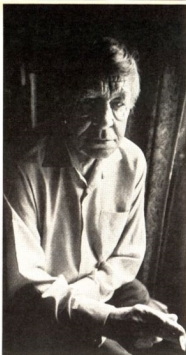
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POET W.H. AUDEN
On native turf.

that I would less like to be/ than a disincarnate Spirit"). So do the "nimble technicians" of Detroit ("Dark was the day when Diesel/ conceived his grim engine"), partly because they cannot be bothered to build "what sanity knows we need,/ an odorless and noiseless/ staid little electric brougham."

Auden liked to quote Paul Valéry to the effect that poems are never completed, only abandoned. Some of these have been abandoned too soon. Even so, the old master has his moments of magic, turning his nouns into verbs and moving more often than not in a seven-syllable line that sounds like simple conversation but conceals much art. In "Nocturne," though most of the world is asleep, "someone in the small hours/ for the money or love, is/ always awake and at work./ Here young radicals plotting/ to blow up a building, there/ a frowning poet rifling/ his memory's printer's-pie/ to form some placent sentence." Then:

*Over oceans, land-masses
and tree-tops the Moon now takes
her dander through the darkness,
to lenses a ruined world
lying in its own rubbish,
but still to the naked eye
the Icon of all mothers,
for never shall second thoughts
succumb our first-hand feelings,
our only redeeming charm,
our childish drive to wonder:
spaced about the firmament,
planets and constellations
still officiously declare
the glory of God, though known
to be uninfluential.*

Auden assimilated Marx and Freud, yet eventually became the kind of arch-poetic witness to a disarming, irony-

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BOOKS

proof piety that a secular age requires. The fact that a cursory reader may feel he has been here before is not a problem. It is the whole point. Before abandoning his verses to history, Auden liked to be sure that, whatever their message, each one sounded as if it could only have been written by W.H. Auden. Everything in *Thank You, Fog* qualifies. As with saved letters from lost sons or fathers, so with the last words of this dead poet. They stir the heart not because of what they say but because they sound like the man himself. ■ Timothy Foote

War and Punishment

THE SEVEN DAYS OF CREATION
by VLADIMIR MAXIMOV
415 pages. Knopf, \$10.

Like other dissident Russian authors, Vladimir Maximov, 44, has a well-earned lien on the attention of U.S. readers: Western sympathies are automatically stirred by anyone who tilts a pen at totalitarianism. As his writings during the post-Stalinist thaw grew increasingly cool toward Communist ideology, Soviet authorities turned grim. Maximov's support of party non-persons, including Alexander Solzhenitsyn, finally brought about his own forced exile to Paris last year.

So *The Seven Days of Creation* arrives with good intentions stamped all over it. Originally published in Germany in 1971 (and still banned in the Soviet Union), the book is a loose recounting of 20th century Russian history seen through the eyes of three aging brothers. Pyotr and Andrei Lashkov have become provincial Communist Party functionaries, while Vasili acts as a morose janitor for a Moscow apartment house. All are profoundly disillusioned by the course their lives and land have taken. For them, the glorious future promised by the Revolution is not working, and Pyotr wonders, "Why? Why? Why?"

In framing his answer, Maximov eagerly risks comparison with Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Solzhenitsyn. Souls, he insists, have been parched by the enforced loss of mystical Christianity in Mother Russia. Maximov's art is not yet ready for such awesome competition. His novel is a string of craftsmanlike vignettes awash in hyperbole. Emotions are so consistently overwrought that tempestuousness is soon diminished to nagging petulance. Some of the blame may belong to the translation. One Russian greets another with an improbable, hearty "Hallo, Pal" or a "Come on, Boss."

The Seven Days of Creation is another example of the human spirit speaking out when silence is prudent. Yet it is demeaning to praise something not because it is well done but because it was done at all. The truth is the novel reads like English subtitles to an epic silent film, always flickering just beyond its grasp. ■ Paul Gray

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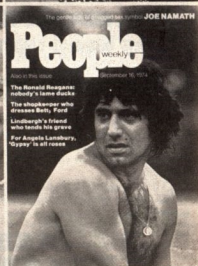
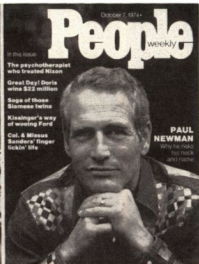
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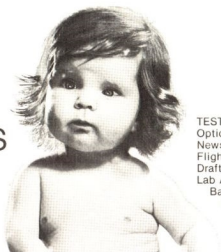
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Courtesy Chicago Historical Society

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The famous American dancer Ruth St. Denis was entertaining Chicagoans with seductive oriental dances at the Studebaker Theater (left), the automobile was just starting to appear on the streets in large numbers and—would you believe it—there was no income tax. None whatever. Every penny you made, you took home in a pay envelope.

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Out of the Lab

Sex Researchers William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson think that they have been misunderstood: their famed 1966 book *Human Sexual Response* was widely interpreted to suggest that good sex, like golf, is a matter of technique. A second book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (1970), dealt partly with the emotions but because of its scientific jargon, failed to erase their image as the high priests of sex-as-mechanics.

Now Masters and Johnson have produced a nontechnical book that they expect to clear their name: *The Pleasure Bond* (Little, Brown; \$8.95), written by Robert J. Levin, an editor of *Redbook*, from taped interviews with the researchers and taped seminars that they con-

“developing a long-range relationship rather than concentrating it all on short-term pampering of the individual self.” Yet the authors seem pulled between the views that sex is basically a search for simple pleasure (“sex-sex”) and that it is loving commitment (“love-sex”). Like word-juggling medieval theologians, they end up arguing that real pleasure brings commitment and real commitment brings pleasure.

Much of what the authors recommend is sound, though hardly new: partners should talk and touch more, stop working so hard at sex if they want to enjoy it, and let sexual awareness flow through their daily lives instead of confining it to half an hour in bed. Though likable and warm, Masters and Johnson are not much given to humor. But

JILL BREWSTER



MASTERS & JOHNSON RELAXING AT THEIR HOME IN ST. LOUIS

A hope that “the whole mechanical myth will go down the drain.”

ducted in 1971 and 1972. For Virginia Johnson, Masters' wife since 1971, the book is a decade late: she wanted to write about the human problems of sex in the 1960s, but her doctor-husband insisted that they establish professional credentials by writing up their lab experiments first. Now, at last, she says, “I hope the whole mechanical myth will go down the drain—I'm tired of it.”

Extramarital Sex. As survivors of the sexual scene, Masters and Johnson seem to be neoconservatives. Simple with moralists and simple-minded sexual acrobats alike. Group sex and mate swapping are fine for some, they say, but very few can handle them. Extramarital sex is not deplorable, if both partners approve, but it should be used only as a last resort to save a marriage. Exactly under what conditions this would be appropriate is left fuzzy by the authors. The clear argument of the book is that sex should mean commitment,

when one woman vaguely says that she wants to have children so she can watch something develop and grow, Johnson adroitly advises: “Get a plant.”

Unfortunately, the book's prose style is a cross between “Dear Abby” and early Chinese fortune cookie (“There are none so frightened as those who will not concede their fear”; “Life is rarely without pain as well as pleasure, unhappiness as well as happiness”). But squeezed in amid the aphorisms are three nuggets of information: masturbation can relieve menstrual cramps; women seem more sexually responsive about two months after childbirth because of the increased blood supply to the pelvis; and in the first hour of sleep after orgasm, the woman usually moves toward the man, while he tends to stay where he is.

The wonder is that after 20 years of dealing intensively with sexual problems, the authors have so few new insights to offer. Or maybe, to try it aph-

oristically: “He who would climb from the valley of the sexual engineer to the mountain of the sexual guru must avoid the mudslide of the muzzy and the avalanche of the obvious.”

The Loves of Isadora

Her more extravagant admirers, who tend to be women, consider Erica Jong a female Roth, Vonnegut and Mailer combined. Her first novel, *Fear of Flying*, had a brisk hardback sale after it was published late in 1973 and since its appearance in paperback last November, a rapid rise to No. 1 on the best-seller charts. At Houston's Rice University it is used in an English course and at Radcliffe, the Atlanta Y.W.C.A. Women's Center and elsewhere as the subject of discussion in consciousness-raising groups. It is also discussed in therapy, since psychiatrists and psychologists have found that the book encourages their women patients to reveal their sexual fantasies.

Jong's bestseller is the mock memoirs of a 29-year-old Jewish poet named Isadora Wing who accompanies her husband, a psychoanalyst, to a conference in Vienna. There Isadora links up with another analyst, a sardonic weasel of a man named Adrian Goodlove, and takes off with him on a raunchy, drunken odyssey across Europe. Along the way, Isadora manages to unburden to Adrian and the reader an abundant mélange of sexual escapades and dreams, the most memorable of which is her hunger for anonymous sex with nameless men.

Lethal Success. Such desires, explains Jong, “were a fantasy of my 20s.” Now 32, she has outgrown them. “The beautiful men on the street are probably very boring to talk to.” Jong grew up in a Jewish household in Manhattan, attended Barnard College and earned a master's degree in English literature from Columbia. Both Jong and Isadora are poets; both had brief marriages to fellow students, then married American-born Chinese psychiatrists. Most of the novel, says Jong, is “an interweaving of fiction with reality.”

A pretty, blonde woman with an expansive smile, Jong is giggly and ebullient, sprinkling her talk alternately with four-letter words and literary allusions. At times in her life, she has suffered from depressions, insomnia and other problems and, in fact, quit psychoanalysis last fall after eight years of therapy four times a week. She is happiest when left alone to write and complains that success can be lethal. “People always want to collect you for cocktail parties and take you to bed,” she says. They have also inundated her with letters spelling out intimate secrets. Notes Jong: “The whole thing makes me feel like Miss Lonelyhearts in Nathaniel West's no-



NOVELIST ERICA JONG, AUTHOR OF *FEAR OF FLYING*, IN HER MANHATTAN APARTMENT
 "There were problems in our marriage from the start."

vella." A self-styled feminist, she recalls the day a high school boy asked her if she wanted to "grow up and be a secretary." Actually she always wanted to be a writer. Deeply affected by the suicide of her friend Anne Sexton, Jong is determined to be a survivor: "It is vital that other women see that female authors do not all put their heads in the oven, like Sylvia Plath."

Many of Jong's problems as a successful novelist will be the subject of her next book (tentatively titled *How to Save Your Own Life*). She spent last fall commuting to Hollywood to write the screenplay of *Flying*, and is now pack-

ing up for a long stay in Nevada or California, where she will work on her new novel and some poetry as well. Last week Jong and her husband began separation proceedings. As *Flying* clearly implies and as Jong confirms, "there were problems in our marriage from the start—those of a very verbal person married to a very rigid, uptight one."

The success of her book has surprised no one more than Jong, who considered it too "literary" for wide appeal. But literary it is not. Poorly constructed, too prone to phrases like "our mouths melted like liquid," it has a shapeless, self-indulgent plot and weak character-

THE SEXES

izations, especially of the men. But Isadora obviously has wide appeal. Says her creator: "*Fear of Flying* is a litmus test for everybody's mishegoss [Yiddish for craziness]." Warren Farrell, a spokesman for the men's liberation movement, feels that *Fear of Flying* will help free both sexes. As women take more initiative and responsibility for their sex lives, he believes, "some of the pressure will be removed from men." Feminist Spokeswoman Betty Friedan hails the book for its humor and playfulness: "I'm sick of the bitter things that have come out of feminism."

Many feminists, however, find Isadora's obsession with men a confirmation of the worst stereotypes about women. Sandra Hochman, author of *Walking Papers*, admires Jong's frankness but complains that Isadora is "just another female loser, left in the end to choose between one creep and another." Becky Gould, newly elected president of the National Organization for Women in Los Angeles, objects to the fact that Jong's heroine "derives her identity through her relationships with men. She is prefeminist, confusing libidinal bluntness with liberation." Gould concedes, however, that Jong has helped make headway for women writers. Says she: "It has to be some kind of breakthrough for a woman to cash in on this kind of tripe; men have been doing it for so long."

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